The Saturday Evening Post.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

I have never seen the righteous forsaken.
DAVID.

I've seen the heir of guilt and woe,
And marked his wandering eye;
I've seen the tear of anguish flow,
And heard the mournful sigh.

I've seen the victim of despair,
A prey to want and sin;
I've watch'd his brow, when sternly there
Was stamp'd the curse within.

I've seen the lordling roll in state,
And swell with blasting pride;
I've seen when at the poor man's gate,
The wretched outcast died.

I've seen the youth, whom pleasure's round
Had early taught to stray;
And those that by Intemperance found
The flowery, fatal way—

These I have seen, but *never* yet
Have marked the child of prayer,
Abandoned by his God, to eat
The bitter bread of care. T.

LOVE'S PROPER SEASONS.

When summer breeze
But waves the trees,
Just as the sun declineth,
Whose golden hues
Around diffuse,
And on each leaflet shineth;

When twilight's power
(A gentle hour,)
Its softness round is throwing,
And 'mid the gloom
A sweet perfume,
The gentle gale is blowing;

When smooth and still
The winding rill,
Its little waves are sending,
While here and there
The streamlets are,
With it their waters blending;

When gliding through
The modest blue,
The moon her track pursuing,
Gives to the night
A tender light,
A light—just fit for wooing;

Then gaily move
And seek your love,
Give soft and cogent reasons,
And you will find,
Tho' Cupid's blind,
These are his *proper seasons.* CIREX.

LINES.

I love to trace the purling rill,
Where dazzling sunbeams play,
Whilst round the pretty verdant hill,
It winds its lonesome way;

And there to choose the verdant bow'rs,
That Nature's hands hath made,
Hung round with sweetly scented flow'rs,
To deck its rural shade—

Then I'd not ask the breath of fame,
To court my humble shrine,
Nor loss of titles to my name,
I ever would repine;

But in its cool retreat I'd rest,
And with a modest pen,
Would tell how much more I was blest,
Than in the haunts of men. LUCILIUS.

TO MISS ——.

Steal not the ray from yonder light,
To brighten up thy face, love;
For e'en amid the gloom of night,
A fairer one I trace, love.

It is the light of thy blue eyes,
With life reflected there, love;
They vie with that which decks the skies,
And seem to be more fair, love—

Then turn those eyes of love on me,
All heaven is in their gaze, love;
Oh! let me catch, love's light from thee,
I'd die within its rays, love.

SYLVAN.

Selected by a Lady.

LAURA, OR YES AND NO.

Said gentle Laura, when I sigh,
'Tis no I would express,
When silent and with downcast eye,
Then understand me, yes.

The moon, by whose unconscious light
The lover tells his tale,
Now beam'd from full meridian height,
Pale splendor o'er the vale;

The stars nocturnal brilliance shed,
Each danc'd within its sphere;
Perch'd on the cypress overhead,
The sparrow charm'd the ear.

When, seated on the turf below,
I thus address'd my fair,—
Must hopeless sorrow ever flow,
Must Strephon still despair;

Art thou as fickle as the moon,
That scarce a month is true?
Must I, to gain the blissful boon,
For ever, ever woo?

Up to the silver orb she raised
Her soft cerulean eye,
Then in my anxious face she gazed,
And answer'd—with a sigh!

O! happy hour, does that mean no,
Enraptured now, I cried;
Shall Strephon all his fears forego,
Will Laura be his Bride?

A blush suffused her lovely face,
My trembling hopes to bless;
She rush'd into my fond embrace,
Her silence answered—*yes.* BELINDA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A PLEASANT TOUR.

The country wins me still—
I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,
But there I laid the scene.—*Cowper.*

Having seldom been but a few miles distant from the confines of the city, and a summer ride having become so very fashionable, I anticipated enjoyment by a few weeks absence, from which I have returned. I was fortunate in leaving Philadelphia on one of those days when the sun, in all its splendour, not only enlivens the present moments, but reflects some hope, in a fashionable phrase, that in the journey I would be "agreeably entertained"—The Steam Boat was the means of conveyance—and the prospects on the river Delaware, as is well known, are picturesque and beautiful; and I should suppose, without an exaggerated comparison, they are scarcely inferior to those on the river Thames—although the latter have been so eloquently described, that without the same hand to guide the magic wand (allow me the expression) comparison would now be futile—all that I can say is, by using the words of a charming female, whose piercing eye and auburn ringlets had attracted my attention, but from which it was turned to her melodious voice and appropriate expressions—she was conversing with a lady, who in beauty was by no means her inferior—at one time, as the Boat was making a short turn, she says "Oh, Matilda! did you ever see any stream so elegantly serpentine; did you ever see any thing so beautiful!" "It is, indeed, Maria, remarkably zigzag!" "But do you perceive that elegant Mansion just on the margin of the river? Oh! how romantic, how fanciful; if you and I were living there, Matilda, how many agreeable ways would we pass our time! time would pass, and we'd scarcely recognise it!"—"Indeed I should enjoy it much!" "The garden is certainly handsome! Why it reminds me of a perfect Paradise!" (Yes, thought I, if one of you two were added to it, as I perceived a gentleman reclining under a tree.) They were very desirous of knowing the residents, and I, as an interpreter, would have considered myself fortunate, but it so happened I was ignorant as themselves.—What a mortification! here is some of the fruits of ignorance—from that moment I left my seat. In a short time we arrived at Trenton, there took the stage, lodged at Princeton, and again entered the Steam Boat at New Brunswick, which for the first time landed me in the City of New-York—and positively, when I stepped on to the wharf, it reminded me of a city built for nothing else but grog shops and oyster houses, taverns and refectories, as if we had little else to do but eat and drink—but after a more extensive examination, I must confess, I found it widely different—some parts of the city are very pleasant indeed—their places of amusement are many, and entertaining—the inhabitants generally are sociable, from my own little knowledge, and from that of others—the men, when intending to walk, keep on a long trot, which has now become a habit by their hurry in business. New York does not need description, as it is generally well known. In East and West Jersey I spent several weeks—the small towns in East Jersey are very handsomely situated, and are visited almost as much by the attraction of numbers of lovely females residing there, as from curiosity to see the place—the favourite town is B——. In West Jersey, there can be no ride more pleasant than a circuit from Bordentown, say ten or twenty miles around? Joseph Buonaparte's handsome situation generally attracts attention, and is of itself worth a twenty miles ride. This town is gaining its admirers—in the course of a morning's tour, I visited an acquaintance, and was received with that cordiality which is generally their characteristic. I had entered but a short time, when presently a female was introduced with smiling countenance, her curling tresses hanging loosely over an alabaster neck, and such a model of angelic structure, that I found myself—oh, ecstacy!

"Yet no—that can but ill express,
The soft and winning loveliness,
Which here in sight thou meetest;
But yet thy heart, thy temper too,
So good, so sweet! ah, that will do!
——I'll call thee sweetest."

we entered into conversation, talked of school reminiscence, and the great change that a few years had made—after spending some hours very agreeably, I bade farewell to that pleasant situation, surrounded on all sides by poplar trees of considerable altitude, and the house being on an eminence commanding a most beautiful prospect. I have now returned after an absence of about four weeks, and to have enjoyed myself more would be impossible. E.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE BRIDAL DAY.

When the heart has been made to beat with painful emotions—when the breast has been made to heave with the sigh of despondency, and the tear of grief has been found silently trickling down the face of the agonized parent, child, or lover—how sorrowful, yet how instructive the task to call the scattered senses home, and look back to younger days and review the past scenes and incidents of our life. Perhaps some have been the witness of the departure of a revered father to the world of spirits—some with silent grief have been attendant daughters upon a kind and affectionate mother, who was about leaving this world of probation to surrender herself into the hands of her heavenly Maker—how many have wept as they have caught the last sound of their exhausted voice blessing them, and exhorting them to pursue the path of rectitude and virtue—how oft have the solemn sounds from a dying bed knelled in our ears the truth, that we all must die—how oft have we been suddenly alarmed at the sorrowing intelligence of a much loved friend's decease—and ah! how overwhelming has been the shock to be present when the soul of a lover's mistress wings its way to heaven—when you catch the last sigh and feel the last throb of that pulse which beat with so much fervour—these reflections were brought to my mind by the recollection of the following tale:

On Little river was the residence of an English gentleman who left his native country for the purpose of burying in the solitudes of the American wilds the cause of his unhappy grief—he had lost a fond and affectionate wife, and the memory of her whom he had loved so dearly preyed upon his mind and threatened such serious consequences that his friends after much persuasion induced him to leave his country and take with him his only child, (a daughter of fourteen,) and settle on the shores of the above named stream. Here in this happy seclusion did he watch with parental solicitude o'er the expanding mind of his lovely child—he spent his many leisure hours in teaching her by the precepts, and assisting by his knowledge in all the useful branches of education. Thus employed, both with the improvement of his daughter and the cultivation of his small farm, the excess of his grief gradually wore away. He had the satisfaction to see his child grow up in innocence and worth—he would trace with fond remembrance, (as the big tear stood in his eyes) a strong and striking resemblance to her mother—her form was so delicately moulded, and her eyes so beautifully mild, that she seemed more like a fairy of the imagination than a being of existence. At this interesting period of Mary's life, a circumstance occurred that introduced into this quiet family an inmate. She was one day strolling along the shores of the river and admiring the rocky scenery of this place—above her was the remarkable and very romantic cataract of Little river, a rock ten or twelve feet in perpendicular height extended quite across the channel of the river; o'er this the whole river pitched its volume of water in one entire sheet upon a bed of rocks below—at the bottom of the perpendicular fall the rocks were curiously excavated by the constant pouring of the water—the smoothness of the water above its descent, the regularity and beauty of the perpendicular fall, and the craggy towering cliff which impends the whole were indescribably delightful and majestic. Mary had seated herself upon the projection of a rock and was indulging in the reveries of thought. She was comparing the stormy passage of life to the foaming element that came thundering at her feet with the most violent agitation from above, and then calmly glided to the ocean of Eternity. At this moment, casting her eyes upwards, she beheld a canoe, guided by one person, glide o'er the perpendicular precipice—a chilling feeling of horror ran through her as she saw the frail bark dashing down the cataract—and overwhelmed by the deluge of waters, it passed from her sight—her nerves were unable to bear longer this shock and sunk down motionless. The canoe directed by a more able and experienced hand than Mary had conceived, was seen at a little distance emerging from behind the thick shelves of rocks, perfectly poised and manned by the same hardy adventurer who had so boldly dashed down the cataract. Mary, upon recovering, looked wildly around her, exclaiming, "he is lost—I saw the waves cover him, and he sunk to rise no more." The stranger knowing the recent sight had shocked her nerves, quietly conducted her to her father, and begged permission that he might be allowed to call on the following day—his request was granted. Mary continued to talk a little wandering until evening, then falling into a calm sleep, she rose next morning with renovated strength and heard thankfully the particulars of the preceding day; she learned also, that the stranger had obtained permission to visit the house on that day. This to her was a fruitful source of conjecture. She had always been secluded from society, and had been taught by her over solicitous father not to trust to the protestations of men; notwithstanding this she found herself adjusting with rather more care than usual the different articles of her dress, and when she went down to attend her father in his afternoon walks, he joked her on the coming of the stranger. As Mary was pointing to her father the place where the canoe had yesterday been hurried o'er the falls, they were joined by their visitor—he congratulated Mary on her recovery, and hoped he should never again be the cause of giving her any more alarm—the manners of the stranger were pleasing—he appeared to be about twenty-five years of age, of a lofty and commanding person—his conversation was interesting and instructive, and it seemed to be more particularly directed to Mary. The father was pleased with his society, and invited him at his departure, to call again. Visit was renewed upon visit, until Mary's blushing cheek told the secret of her love—and the no less arduous youth showed, by the warmth of his attachment, that his heart was commanded by another. The happy bridal day was fixed, when before the altar of Hymen this happy pair were to sacrifice for better or for worse. But, who can stay the shaft of death, or resist the power of disease, or the influence of affliction? Not one. Mary had inherited from the mother an incurable malady—her disease was of so deceptive a kind, that at one time she seemed to enjoy perfect health, whilst at another she was apparently in the lowest stage of the consumption. As the day drew nigh that was to unite her to the man she loved, this change in the character of Mary's complaint assumed a more dangerous appearance than formerly—she became languid and enfeebled, and was carried to bed pale, exhausted—her faithful lover hung o'er her, and ministered to her wants—he watched beside her with anguished heart and harrowed feelings—now could his countenance be seen brightening with hope and joy when he saw the hectic glow upon her pallid cheek; but when the blushing rose gave way to the white lily, then would his heart sink within him. Let us draw near this bed of sickness and contemplate the dying scene. "Father," exclaimed the angelic girl, "I go to meet the bridegroom in Heaven—he came when we least expected—the summons was delivered, and I trust I have had my lamp trimmed and burning. Weep not, expected partner of my life, in this world, there are many trials and tribulations—I love, and respect you, and with my dying lips I would point to heaven and would exhort you to gain admittance through your redeemer. Farewell, ye who have collected this day to see the solemnization of my marriage—I leave you in the flower and bloom of my youth, and instead of seeing me sacrifice at the altar of Hymen, you will find me gone before the judgment seat of heaven, and my poor body clothed in its winding sheets. Farewell, my disconsolate parent—draw near that I may kiss you once more—and you, my affianced bridegroom, approach, that I may take a last look this side the grave—I go.—May heaven bless you all," were her last dying words. PAUL.

THE WORLD

May be compared to a party of pleasure: we are all in pursuit of happiness, set out in great good humour, propose nothing but enjoyment through the course of the whole day. But alas! few of the party have their expectations answered. Diverted by the objects as we pass along, one pursues this, another that, and a third a fresh phantom, until every one has singled out his favorite delight. And at this period of the journey, emulation, strife, envy and debate, commonly overtake the travellers, cloud the bright prospects, and mar the rising happiness of the day.

Though the world is wide enough for every one to take a little, and there appears no reason why we jostle and make one another unhappy as we pass along; yet so it is, we are continually thwarting and crossing each other at right angles; [illegible] lose all sense and memory of that temper which governed us at our first setting out. We find that we have strayed from the path we had selected, become disappointed, suspicious and selfish, sullen and morose, and never reflect but when it is too late. Our temper has lost its sweetness; and we do not feel those kind and gentle, those friendly and fraternal sensations playing round our hearts, that love and benevolence for our fellow travellers, and that interest in their enjoyments, which once warmed our bosoms, and without which there is certainly no such thing as a day of pleasure.

We are inclined by the law of nature to live together in love. We feel the emotions of friendship and pity; they are found in every man's breast, unless he does violence to himself and stifles them; and were implanted within us to admonish and excite us to the offices of humanity.

When we feel the misfortunes of life, they lead us to enter into the adversity of others, and we know that it is natural to rejoice with those that rejoice. Through the power of sympathy our eyes are overflowed with tears, and our hearts melted with pity. We feel interested in every scene of affliction, through which we see our fellow creatures called to pass—and not only so, but even the relation of fictitous calamities calls forth this gentleness of our nature.

We know that benevolent offices done to those who need them, afford the most solid and delicious of all pleasures to the benefactor. As, therefore, nature has made another man's misfortunes our sorrow, and his joys our joys, it must be highly rational, good and pleasant to fall in with those friendly emotions, and live together like brethren in unity and love. It must always be right, and our interest to obey the dictates of nature, when they are friendly and benvolent. It is quite unjust to require kindnes and affection from others, without being ready and willing to bestow them in our turn.

From an English Magazine.

DINNER IN THE STEAM BOAT.

"They fed me to the top of my bent."—*Shakspeare.*

"Come, Mr. Suet, Mrs. Hoggins, Mrs. Sweetbread, Mrs. Cleaver! dinner's ready; shall I show you the way down to the cabin? we must'nt spoil good victuals though we are sure of good company. Lauk! what a monstrous deal of smoke comes out of the chimney. I suppose they are dressing the second course; every thing roasted by steam, they say—how excessively clever! As to Mrs. Dip, since she's so high and mighty she may find her own way down. What! she's afraid of spoiling her fine shawl, I reckon, though you and I remember, Mrs. Hoggins, when her five shillings Welsh whittle was kept for Sunday's church, and good enough too, for we all know what her mother was. Good Heavens! here comes Undertaker Croak, looking as down in the mouth as the root of my tongue: do let me get out of his way; I wouldn't sit next to him for a rump and dozen, he does tell such dismal stories that it quite gives one the blue devils. He is like a night-mare, isn't he Mr. Smart,' with a smirking chuckle, 'but I consider him more like an ass by day.' He! he! he! Looking round for applause at this sally, he held out his elbows, and taking a lady, or rather a female, under each arm, he danced towards the hatchway, exclaiming, "Now I am ready trussed for table, liver under one wing, and guzard under the other." 'Keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr. Smart, I don't quite understand being called a liver—look at the sparks coming out of the chimney, I declare I'm frightened to death.' 'Well, you are of course no longer a liver,' resumed Mr. Smart, 'so we may as well apply to Mr. Croak to bury you.' 'O Gemini! don't talk so shocking. I had rather never die at all than have such a fellow as that to bury me!' 'Dickey, my dear!' cried Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who was leaning over the ship's side with a most woe-begone and emetical expression of countenance, 'hadn't you better come down to dinner?—There's a *line* o'mutton, besides a rare hock of bacon, which I dare say, will settle your stomach.' 'O, mother,' replied the young Cockney, 'that 'ere cold beef stake and inguns vat you put up in the pocket handkerchief vasn't good, I do believe, for all my hinsides are of a work!' 'Tell 'em it's a holiday,' cried Smart.—'O dear, O dear!' cried Dick, whose usual brazen tone was subdued into a lackadaisical whine, 'I vant to reach and I can't—vat shall I do, mother?'—'Stand on tiptoe, my darling,' replied Smart, imitating the voice of Mrs. Cleaver, who began to take in high dudgeon this horse play of her neighbour, and was proceeding to manifest her displeasure in no very measured terms, when she was fortunately separated from her antagonist, and bore down the hatchway by the dinner-desiring crowd, though sundry echoes of the word 'Jackanapes!' and 'impertinent feller,' continued audible above the confused gabble of the gangway.

'Well, but Mr. Smart,' cried Mrs. Suet, as soon as she had satisfied the cravings of her appetite, 'you promised to tell me all about the steam, and explain what it is that makes them wheels go round as fast as those of our one horse chay, when Jem Ball drives the trotting mare.' 'Why ma'am, you must understand—' 'Who called for sandwiches and a tumbler of negus?' bawled the steward—'Who called for the savages and tumbling negroes?' replied Mr. Smart. 'Yes ma'am, you saw the machinery, I believe—(capital boil beef)—there's a thing goes up and a thing goes down, all made of iron; well, that's the hydrostatic principle; then you put into the boiler—(a nice leg of mutton, Mrs. Sweetbread)—let me see, where was I? In the boiler, I believe. Ah! it's an old trick of mine to be getting into hot water. So, ma'am, you see they turn all the smoke that comes from the fire on the wheels; that makes them spin round, just as the smoke-jack in our chimnies turns the spit; then there's the safety valve in case of danger, which lets all the water into the fire, and puts out the steam at once. You see ma'am its very simple, when once you understand the trignometry of it.' 'O perfectly, but I never had it explained to me before. It's vastly clever, isn't it. *How could* they think of it?—Shall I give you a little of the salad? La, it isn't dressed; what a shame!' 'Not at all,' cried Smart, 'none of us dressed for dinner, so that we can hardly expect it to be dressed for us.' He! he! he! 'Did you hear that, Mrs. H.?' exclaimed Mrs. Suet, turning to Mrs. Hoggins, 'that was a good one, warn't it? Drat it, Smart you are a droll one.'

Here the company were alarmed by a terrific groan from Mr. Croak, who ejaculated, 'Heaven have mercy upon us! did you hear that whizzing noise!—there it is again—there's something wrong in the boiler—if it bursts, we shall all be in Heaven in five minutes'—'The Lord forbid!' ejaculated two or three voices, while others began to scream, and where about to quit their places, when the steward informed them that it was nothing in the world but the spare steam which they were letting off—'Aye, so they always say,' resumed Croak, with an incredulous tone and wo-begone look; 'but it was just the same on board the American steam-boat that I was telling you of—fifty-two souls sitting at dinner, laughing and chatting for all the world as we are now, when there comes a whiz, such as we heard a while ago—God help us! there it is once more—and bang! up blew the boiler—fourteen persons scalded to death—large pieces of their flesh found upon the banks of the river, and a little finger picked up next day in an oyster shell, which by the ring upon it was known to be the captain's. But don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen, I dare say we shall escape any scalding, as we're all in the cabin, and so we shall only go to the bottom smack! Indeed, we may arrive safe—they do sometimes, and I wish we may now, for nobody loves a party of pleasure more than I do. I hate to look upon the gloomy side of things when we are all happy together (here another groan) and I hope I haven't said any thing to lower the spirits of the company.'

'There's no occasion,' cried Smart, 'for I saw the steward putting water into every bottle of brandy.'—The laugh excited by this *bon-mot*, tended in some degree, to dissipate the alarm and gloom which the boding Mr. Croak had been infusing into the party; and Smart, by way of fortifying their courage, bade them remark that the sailors were obviously under no apprehension.' 'Aye,' resumed the persevering Mr. Croak, 'they are used to it—it is their business—they are bred to the sea.' 'But they don't want to be bread to the fishes, any more than you or I,' retorted Smart, chuckling at his having received the best of the nonsense.

'Well,' exclaimed Mrs. Sweetbread, 'I never tasted such beer as this—flat as ditch water; they should have put it upon the oulender to let the water run out; and yet you have been drinking it Smart, and never said any thing about it.' The party thus addressed, laying his hand upon his heart, and looking very serious, 'I make it a rule never to speak ill of the dead.' I am eating the ham, you see, and yet it would be much better if I were to let it exemplify one of Shakspeare's soliloquies—Hamlet-alone.' 'La! you're such a wag,' cried Mrs. Hoggins, 'there is no being up to you; but if you don't like the ham, take a slice of this edge bone—nothing's better than cold beef.' 'I beg your pardon, madam,' replied the indefatigable joker, 'cold beef's better than nothing'—Ha! ha! ha!

'How do you find yourself now, my darling?' said Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who had been driven below by a shower, and kept his hat on, because, as he said, his 'air was quite vet.' 'Vy, mother, I have been as sick as a cat, but I'm bang up now, and so peckish, that I feel as if I could heat any thing.' 'Then just warm these potatoes,' said Smart, handing him the dish, 'for they are almost cold.' 'I'll thank you not to run your rigs upon me,' quoth the cockney, looking glumpish, 'or I fetch you a vipe with this here lash stick. If one gives you a hinch, you take a hell.' 'Never mind him, my dear,' cried his mother; 'eat this mutton chop, it will do you good; there's no gravy, for Mr. Smart has all the sauce to himself.' Haw! haw! haw! 'Very good!' exclaimed the latter, clapping his hands, 'egad! ma'am, you are as good a wag as your own double chin.' This was only ventured in a low tone of voice, and, as the fat dame was at that moment handing the plate to her son, it was fortunately unheard.

Dick being still rather giddy, contrived to let the chop fall upon the floor, an occurrence at which Mr. Smart declared he was not the least surprised, as the young man, when first he came into the cabin, looked uncommonly chop-fallen. Dick, however, had presently taken a place at the table, and began attacking the buttock of beef with great vigour and vivacity, protesting he had got a famous 'happetite,' and felt 'as ungry as an ound.' 'I never say any thing to discourage any body,' said Mr. Croak, 'particularly young people; it's a thing I hate, but t'other day a fine lad sat down to his dinner in this very packet, after being sea-sick just as you may be doing now, when it turned out he had broke a blood vessel, and in twelve hours he was a corpse, and a very pretty one he made.'

'I'm not going to be choused out of my dinner, for all that,' replied the youth, munching away with great industry, and at the same time bailing out—'Steward! take away this porter pot, it runs.'—'I doubt that,' cried Smart.—'I say it dogs,' resumed Dick, angrily, 'the table cloth is all of a sop.' 'I'll bet you half a crown it does'nt.' Done and done were hastily exchanged, when Mr. Smart looking round with a smirk, exclaimed—"Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to every one of you whether the pot has'not been perfectly still, and nothing has been running but the beer.' This elicited a shout at poor Dick's expense, who suddenly muttered, 'I'm not going to be bamboozled out of an alf crown in that there vay, and vat's more, I vont be made a standing joke by no man.'—'I don't see how you can,' replied his antagonist, 'so long as you are sitting.'—'Vy are you like a case of ketchup?' cried Dick, venturing for once to become the assailant, and immediately replying to his own inquiry, 'because ye are a saucebox.'—'Haw! haw!' roared his mother, 'bravo Dick! there's a proper rap for you, Mr. Smart.'—Somewhat nettled at the joke, poor as it was, the latter returned to the charge by inquiring of Dick why his hat was like a giblet pie? and after suffering him to guess two or three times in vain, cried 'because there's a goose's head in it,' and instantly set the example of the horse-laugh, in which the company joined. Finding he was getting the worst of it, Dick thought it prudent to change the conversation, by observing that it would luckily be 'igh water in the arbour when they arrived.'—'Then I recommend you by all means to use some of it,' said the pertinacious Mr. Smart, 'perhaps it may cure your squint.'

Both mother and son rose up in wrath at this personality, and there would infallibly have been a *bourraque* (as the French say) in the hold, but that there was just then a tremendous concussion upon the deck, occasioned by the fall of the main boom, and followed by squeaks and screams of all calibers, from the panic-striken company at the dinner table. 'Lord have mercy upon us!' ejaculated Croak, with a deep groan, 'it is all over with us—we are going to the bottom—I like to make the best of every thing—it's my way, and therefore hope that no lady or gentleman will be in the least alarmed, for I believe drowning is a much less painful death than is generally supposed.'

Having run upon deck at this juncture, for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the accident, which he found to be unattended with the smallest danger, the writer cannot detail any more of the conversation that ensued, until their arrival at Calais, which will form the subject of another paper.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A SKETCH OF FANCY.

The glorious sun had just sunk below the horizon, casting its brilliant glare upon the unclouded sky, far elevated above the eastern shores of Persia, over which the hot steams its burning rays had extracted from the immense gulph on its confines, extended their baleful influence; the faint outline rapidly becoming more obscure, which was formed by the lofty tops of a forest, extending throughout the country, seemed to give warning, like a beacon placed above for the mariner's safety, that the dark and impenetrable gloom below, afforded a shelter to the most destructive enemies of mankind in this region, who only waited a later hour to commence their horrid work of death—scarce a breeze enlivened the thickest foliage, or whistled through the silent wood to communicate life to the scene. The darkness was fast increasing as the reflected light of the sun withdrew westward from the sky, when a traveller, mounted upon an almost exhausted horse, emerged from the thickest of the forest, followed at a little distance by one who appeared to be his companion; they slowly glided along the outskirts of the wood, with the bridles carelessly thrown across the necks of their horses, having evidently ridden hard, by the foam which covered their flanks and sides, and the languor produced by long exertion, which pervaded both themselves and steeds. They were attired loosely in the Persian costume, with the high yellow caps of the Tartars, and a huge pair of mustachios which curled upon their lips, gave the visage a fierce and decided aspect. The foremost appeared to be absorbed in profound meditation, and from underneath a dark and corrugated brow, his keen eye looked towards the saddle bow with an intensity which shewed how deeply his thoughts were wound up in themselves. He continued in this reverie until at some distance from the wood, when suddenly slacking the pace of his horse, he waited till his companion came up, and thus addressed him: "Think you, Agib, that our master will not demand a token that his bloody order has been executed? if that be the case our condition is not much to be envied."—"I know not," returned his comrade, "but certain it is that had he assigned to me the direction of it, instead of yourself, I should not have left a witness alive, that may one day place you in the same situation! What if the lady yet survive through the dangers of the forest, and return to confront our master before the shah, would not certain death to ourselves be the consequence?" "It would, indeed," he replied, "but, by Allah, were it the command of Mahomet himself, I should hesitate to obey—he is worse than a tiger who could murder, in cold blood, an unresisting houri like her! dost thou not think so?" "I think," said Agib, "that the servant is but an instrument, and therefore not responsible for the deeds of the master—your ill timed compassion, I fear will prove fatal to us both!" To this weighty argument no reply was made, but each pursued his separate train of thought as they moved on towards the place of their destination. The darkness increased rapidly, and by this time had become so thick that it was with difficulty they made their way along the rough and uncultivated soil. The occasion of their mysterious and concealed manner of proceeding has already been partially ascertained from the above conversation; yet the cause which brought them on their errand remains to be explained; it was briefly as follows: Halem Acktar, one of the prime ministers, and chief favorite of the Shah, or supreme lord of Persia, had been sent the preceding year to collect an annual tribute from some of the petty nations residing in the neighbourhood of Mount Caucasus, with a considerable body of forces. With him went his nephew Saleon, one of the most noble and accomplished young men the east could boast of. He had just arrived at the golden age of twenty one, had ransacked all the literary works the Shah's extensive library contained to gratify his thirst for knowledge—was intimately conversant with the writings of Hafin, Chevket, Sali, Kakani, and all the poets of his country, who have exalted themselves to the most enviable stations by their splendid talents. Gifted by nature with an extraordinary genius, violent passions, and a most romantic disposition, he devoured with avidity the lofty and ambitious strains of Chevket, and was enraptured with the tender and melodious measure of Hafir. From the perusal of these, he anxiously looked forward to the period which should place him in a situation where he could have free scope for the exercise of his valour, and when he might lawfully signalize himself against the enemies of his country. That time had arrived—although his uncle regarded him with a jealous eye, yet he suffered him to join the expedition which the Shah fitted out. The object of this, as before stated, was to collect by force, an annual tribute, which was due the Shah, from the wild and intractable chiefs who inhabited the foot of Caucasus. The forces, consisting of but one thousand men, with Halem Acktar at their head, having arrived at the destined spot, were, by the skill and cunning of their enemies, drawn into a dangerous ambuscade, in a defile of the mountain, and on this occasion young Saleon, by his wisdom and valour, completely extricated them. This incident added no little to the jealousy and ill temper of his uncle Halem, which was increased to such an outrageous degree shortly afterwards, by similar circumstances, that his troops, unable to endure any longer his tyrannical mandates, sent him home with an impeachment of his conduct to the Shah, setting up Saleon

as their leader in his stead. By a series of brilliant achievements, in which he himself always acted a conspicuous part, Suleon completely subjugated the refractory chiefs, and having collected the tributes, returned home laden with prisoners and booty. His reception, however, was far different from that which he expected, as the necessary reward of his success; instead of the proud approving smile of the monarch, the praise due to extraordinary valour, and the advancement of his station, as his ardent fancy had depicted to him, in all the glow and fervour of youthful imagination, his heart sunk within him, his lofty ideas vanished in a moment, and his blood almost congealed in its current, when, on entering with the step of a victor the audience hall of the monarch, he perceived his uncle sitting as formerly at his right hand, found himself interrogated as a rebel and a traitor, and heard the order given to conduct him to a dungeon. Thus, in the short course of an hour, he was precipitated from the summit of his hopes into the deepest despair. Whilst in his prison he endeavoured to explain to himself the reason of his ignominious treatment, and conjectured, as was really the case, that the insidious minister had, by some machination, or artifice, succeeded in misleading his master from the true statement. He knew the Shah to be a wise and just prince, and that his uncle could only gain favour by binding his eyes in this particular. He endeavoured to prevail on his keeper to carry a letter to the monarch, but in vain. Finding all efforts useless he passively resigned himself to adverse fortune, with the hope that one day he should be permitted to prove to the world the malignity of his enemy. One only trouble racked his mind; he left exposed to the merciless fury of his foe one whom he valued infinitely more than life; one whose existence was as necessary to his own as the air he breathed. It was on a calm evening when the sun had left the parched plains to the influence of the night dew, which is here so pure that the brightest sabre will receive no tarnish from it, and the face of nature wore the aspect of repose after the intolerable heat of the day, that Suleon first beheld the lovely Almea, who held him so fast bound in her silken chains. He had that day been engaged in an arduous conflict with a powerful and warlike chief, whom he defeated and took prisoner—as he was reclining in his tent after the toil of battle, his attention was arrested by the musical voice of a female in distress, who was intreating the guards to allow her to pass to his tent; roused by his romantic and youthful feelings, he commanded them to admit her; a moment afterwards he beheld at his feet the most beautiful of created beings: she was lightly clad in the Turkish attire with her caftan flowing loosely at her back, beneath which the exquisite symmetry of her person was portrayed with the skill of an almighty artist; the sighs which escaped from her heaving bosom betrayed her agony; her long glossy hair separated into a thousand raven tresses, rolled carelessly down her enamelled breast; her angelic countenance was clouded by grief and sorrow, and the expressive eloquence of her large black eye, as, drowned in tears, it sought a resting place on his, so completely bewildered the young victor, that he stood for some time in speechless delight and admiration, totally unable to make any reply to the reiterated appeals on behalf of her imprisoned parent, whose life and safety she had come to implore. As soon as he regained his wandering senses, he raised her from the ground, assuring her that all his power and authority should be exerted in her cause—it was at this interview that his heart acknowledged the powerful sway of beauty. And the resulting consequences of it were the immediate [illegible] crisis, which induced the lovely Almea to follow him to Persia as his destined bride. When he was cast into the solitary cell by the artifices of his uncle, she alone of all his followers durst raise her voice in his behalf—she appeared before his relentless persecutor, and with all the persuasive eloquence of distress and grief, endeavoured to depreciate his wrath, but to no purpose. The lion in his most violent mood, nay, even the savage tyger, who knows no pleasure but in destruction, would have softened before so fair a pleader. But man, goaded on by avarice, urged by the insatiate calls of ambition, and stimulated by fell hate and revenge, refuses the exercise of humanity, tramples under foot the social and affectionate ties which should render him the noblest of creation, and spurns the dictates of conscience. Insult was added to her misery, and she was compelled to leave his accursed halls with redoubled pangs and fears.

Six months passed over the unhappy Suleon in his dungeon, and found him still in the possession of life, although in a state bordering on distraction, on account of the fair being, who had linked her destiny with his; for during all that time he never received the slightest intelligence respecting her fate. She also was on the verge of despair, but still persisted in her fruitless endeavours to free him, and for this purpose left no means untried; she had repeatedly prostrated herself before the Shah of Persia, but that monarch, considering his punishment as just, would not listen to her intreaties. The gaoler who guarded Suleon was faithful to his trust, and would not permit any intercourse between the parties, so that she was compelled to resign almost every hope of ever seeing him again. It was the plan of the minister, Halem Acktar, to destroy his victim by rigorous treatment, until finding this ineffectual he determined to resort to violent measures, but he durst not attempt these while Almea was alive, for he knew well that the love she felt for him would prompt to ascertain the manner of his end.—To effect his design he employed men to seize her person, as she was entering a bath, and drown her in the Arabian Sea. These orders were but half executed; one of them touched with compassion at her youth, innocence and beauty, prevailed on his companion to leave her in an immense forest, bordering on the Gulph, from which, owing to the number of wild beasts within its precincts, he never expected to see her again come forth. The result however proved him to be mistaken, for she appeared shortly after at a cottage on the borders of the wood, where she remained with some honest peasants until taken away by order of the sovereign. The two persons employed to murder her, as we have already seen, were bending their course in the dusk of the evening from the wood, whither they had taken her, and continued slowly on amid the darkness until they arrived at the palace of the Shah; they had to pass this in order to give an account to their master of the crime. The monarch had that day received an unusual visit; the old chieftain, father of the lovely Almea, who was liberated from confinement by her intercession, hearing no tidings of his daughter, of whom he was passionately fond, had set out in search of her, and arrived without success at the residence of the sovereign of Persia; here he explained his distress and gave the Shah a circumstantial account of the conduct of Suleon. Astonished at the relation he immediately summoned his minister into his presence. Halim was meditating upon the means to be employed in the destruction of his victim, so as to cause no suspicion of its author, when the messenger reached him; he kissed the mandate, and with a light step, and a heart exulting in the consummation of his base and malignant designs, entered into the presence of his sovereign. He met the flashing eye of the Shah unappalled, though astounded, and with the greatest dissimulation kept his countenance, as the enraged monarch gave vent to his feelings in the following words: "Accursed son of Elias, know thou that thy subtle arts and machinations are at length discovered; that the gilded serpent, who has so long been masked in the borrowed covering of innocence, is now unshrouded and is exposed in all his deformity to the light of day! Yes, dissembling villain, thou art at last known to thy master, and shall feel with accumulated punishments the consequences of his just anger and revenge." "Most dread sovereign and ruler of the world," returned Halem, after a short pause had elapsed, "the humblest of your slaves knows not what to say or think, at this sudden alteration towards one who loves you and your character more than his own life and happiness; if there be any one who has endeavoured to traduce me or my conduct to my great and most revered lord and sovereign, I freely forgive him."—"Liar," interrupted the Shah, in a voice of thunder, "most infamous deceiver, hast thou the effrontery to face me, after thy criminal attempts to wound me in the most vital part; and durest thou stand unmoved in my presence!" Halim was about to reply, but his eye at this moment rested upon the two men whom he had employed to dispatch Almea, and who were passing in front of the palace on their return; at sight of these his countenance assumed a deadly paleness, which did not escape the penetrating eye of his master, who immediately sent an officer to conduct them in hoping it would lead to a more clear explanation of the designs of the perfidious minister; but this was not necessary, for no sooner had Halim heard the order, than, believing his measures known, and wishing to make a merit of confession, he immediately fell trembling at the feet of the monarch, and made a full discovery of his guilt. The Shah questioned the men who were brought in, and found that Almea had not been murdered. Hope again dawned in the breast of her father, who requested permission to search for her; but ere this was granted, an emir was dispatched to liberate Suleon from his prison and bring him before them. The meeting between the old chieftain and his conqueror was joyful on both sides, but it was of short duration, when the young hero learnt the mournful fate of his beloved mistress; determined never to rest until he found her living or dead, he immediately set out for that purpose, and travelled day and night in quest of her. Not a forest in the extensive regions of Persia but resounded repeatedly with her name; every cottage, hut or palace, heard within its walls the title of the adored fair one, reiterated by the disconsolate lover, but all in vain—he despaired of ever seeing her again, and was returning home with the resolution of passing the remainder of his days as a recluse, when he was met and accosted on the road by a peasant, who having heard of his expedition, had come to offer himself as a guide to the spot where his beloved Almea resided. The offer was accepted by Suleon with the most unbounded joy, and who followed his conducter through immense forests, until they came within sight of a lovely hut on the confines of Persia. This, he was informed by the peasant, was the abode of his bride; dismounting from his steed he approached the house, and the next moment his long lost Almea was stretched lifeless in his arms; on her recovery from the swoon, she indulged in the most extravagant exclamations of delight, and set no bounds to her joy, on finding him reinstated in his former honorable station. Shortly afterwards, by order of the Shah, they departed with a large retinue to the palace, where the monarch, after sending the perfidious Halim Acktar to the dungeon of Suleon, united them, and elevated the young hero to the post, which his uncle had been deprived of, where he continued long to exercise impartial justice, deserving the favour of his sovereign, and the [illegible] amongst the people, who blessed the day that joined the hands of so noble and virtuous a pair as Suleon and his bride. ORASMYN.

THE BATTLE OF MUTA.

"In the first battle of the troops of Mahommed against the Greeks, in the seventh century, three renowned leaders claimed the post of honour. They were all slain in the engagement."

"Who leads the van?" The words scarce spoke,
Young Giaffer in the circle sprang—
Sudden as lightning rends the oak,
Back fell the tribes with iron clang;
"Who leads the van while I am here,
Lord of the Prophet's sacred spear!"

"Who leads the van?" Abdallah rush'd
Full speed among the warrior crowd;
His cheek with haughty courage flush'd,
His eye the star beneath its cloud,
"Behold the talisman of war"—
Out blazed the Prophet's scimetar.

"Who leads the van?" With spring and yell
Fierce as the tiger's on the fold,
Came giant Zeid. War's mightiest spell
Above his emerald turban roll'd;
There, sweeping like a fiery zone,
Mahommed's jewell'd banner shone!

Spear, mace and falchion rais'd for blood,
In hands that gave no second wound—
In five the towering rivals stood!
At once was heard a trumpet sound,
And wrapped the tribes in death-like gloom,
Then spoke the voices from the tomb!

Sad wild and deep, the voice thus spoke—
"Chieftains ye all shall lead the van!
Before to morrow's dawn has broke,
Ye shall be more and less than man,
Your glorious gore this sand must dye;
Your spirits flash in yonder sky."

They sprang to horse—the Grecian host
Were plough'd like waves beneath the keel,
Like wrecks upon the shore were lost—
Where flung like dust from hoof to keel,
But sorrow clouds the Moslem brow,
Lights of the battle! ye are low.

IBRAHIM PACHA.

The following is given in an English paper as an authentic sketch of Ibrahim Pacha, the conqueror of Missolonghi: "The stature of Ibrahim is somewhat below mediocrity—his movements approach a little to the grotesque—his department announces nothing grave or distinguished. At first sight there appears about him a character of mildness and sagacity which surprises you. Conceive to yourself a small face and little grey eyes, all vivacity and even cheerfulness; a mouth forever smiling and features always open and animated.—Notwithstanding premature wrinkles which furrow his temples, and a hollowness about the exterior angle of his eyes, his appearance, still youthful, forms a striking contrast to his age—now thirty-seven. There is nothing about him announcing superior or even remarkable qualities. He is said to have been cruel to ferocity from his very earliest infancy, and his life proves it; but I would defy a Lavater to distinguish in his countenance that feature by which it shall be indicated. I have seen him in a moment of irritation, and I can affirm that he has not the look of an homicide. His dress is simple, and he is only to be distinguished by the suit of officers who accompany him. In the camp his life is regular and abstemious, he smokes and drinks coffee forever. His tent is exceedingly simple, and in no way distinguished from that of other chiefs. Before we proceed to speak of his character, it is important to observe, that the son of Mahomet is affected by an intermittent disease of the brain, whose effects manifest themselves in convulsive motions and loud cries. It is asserted, and with probability, that after an attack he preserves for some time an invincible taciturnity, and that then he is no longer the same man; his errors, they say, are the effects of an imagination he cannot restrain. Ibrahim is as illiterate as his father. He has, besides, been continually led away from all serious application by a fondness for women, which he cannot restrain, and to which the malady which torments him is attributed. He does not want for penetration, and will always hold his authority over those about him, because he dispises them, and is distrustful."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A PREMIUM!

Messrs. Editors—As your paper is well known to be the Ladies' Friend, any thing promising to add to their convenience will, no doubt, be very acceptable to you, and I, in being the means of communicating it, will consider myself doubly rewarded by their favorable commendation. A few days since, while sitting at my desk, I was led into a train of thought, and different plans to promote the comfort, welfare and happiness of the Ladies came uppermost in my imagination. One misfortune particularly occurred to me as very striking, and I thought a remedy to prevent the ill effects of the evil would be deserving a PREMIUM. Now, I myself, am rather a bashful young man, but as I am not altogether secluded from the company of the Ladies, I frequently, either through the day or evening, take a ramble with man's sweetest companion, and have witnessed the disagreeable dilemmas in which they are often placed. What I would call attention to is the frequency which "Ladies shoe ribbon" is seen "following after" the shoe!—having never heard whether it was polite in a gentleman to assist in re-adjusting it in the street, I have felt a delicacy in satisfying the fair subject of the position of her beaux. Now, one of your correspondents, skilled in the "*polite art*," professes himself capable of devising, after the latest fashion, a complete "lap-over-tie," that will be approved of by any committee of experienced females, both for durability and neatness. All he requires for the promulgation of this important discovery is "the thanks of the Ladies," and the present of a small PREMIUM, a Gold Medal, perhaps, bearing suitable inscriptions and devices, illustrative of the important services rendered to the female part of society by his invaluable device. Although these things may appear trifling to some, yet if they have any regard for the comfort of charming woman, they will certainly view them with different feelings. An answer will be received with eager expectation.

Yours, &c. STUDIOSUS MEDICUS.

GAMING.

At Spa, Count Zenobio related to me an incident that he had witnessed here a few years ago, which had produced a most uncommon interest and effect. A short, thin man, whom nobody knew but by sight, suddenly became a constant attendant at the gaming tables. This man during a whole fortnight, continued, night after night, in the most extraordinary manner to win enormous sums of the faro bankers, as well as the surrounding betters. He wore spectacles, and appeared so short-sighted that he was always obliged to touch the counters with his nose before he could distinguish the card. Such was his luck, that whatever card he backed was sure to win. On the last night of his appearance in Spa, one of the gamesters, a young half intoxicated Irishman, had lost an unusually heavy sum. His temper was quite gone, and he vituperated his lucky opponent in a style that might have edified the most abusive fishwoman in Billingsgate. "D—n you old dog he" cried, "and most particularly d—n your spectacles! By the powers, see if I won't try my luck myself in your cursed spectacles!" and snatching them from him he put them on his own face. At first he could distinguish nothing, but on approaching the cards within three inches of his nose, he discovered that the spectacles were [illegible] magnifiers. His suspicion and curiosity were immediately excited, and he turned to demand an explanation of the wearer, but he was gone. An examination commenced, and the cause of the wonderful continuity of luck was speedily discovered. The cards in Spa are not bought of shopkeepers, as in England, but every autumn the proprietors of the gaming tables repair to the grand fair at Leipzig, and there purchase their stock for the year. Thither the spectacle gentleman had also hied, not as a *buyer* but as a *seller* of cards; and at such a reduced rate, and of such excellent quality, that all the purchasers resorted to him; and Spa and several other towns were literally stocked solely with his cards. At the back of each of these, concealed among the ornaments, and so small as to be imperceptible to the unassisted eye, was its number with a particular variation to denote the sort. Then the rogue came to Spa disguised, with blackened hair and spectacles; and there, as a *gentleman* gambler, would have broken all the banks in Spa, but for the fury of the enraged Irishman. As it was, he decamped with several thousand pounds [illegible] *Reynold's Memoirs.*

REMARKABLE FEAT.

I once saw a Greek sailor dancing upon the end of one of the yards, in a manner truly miraculous, without having hold of any of the rigging by his hands, until he suddenly fell overboard, as I and some others had anticipated that he must. No time was lost in attempting to rescue him, but in vain, as no trace of him could be discovered. But while we were regretting his fate, we perceived him as suddenly, dancing at the further end of the deck; for it seemed that he had not slipped off, but thrown himself purposely into the sea, and had swam to a considerable distance under water. The sportive freak recalled to my mind the dexterity of the ancient Greeks in diving, when, during the siege of Syracuse, the Athenians swam under water, and sawed away the piles with which the mouth of the harbour had been blocked up.—*Dr. Elster's Journal.*

Saturday Evening Post.

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FORT M'HENRY.

We transfer the following from the *columns* of the 9th number of the "Casket," which is this day published, to those of our paper.—We recommend this as a specimen number to the notice of the public: it comprises full forty large octavo pages, is neatly printed and stitched in covers with a table of contents, and a fine engraved view of FORT M'HENRY. This work is only two dollars per annum; single copies 25 cents. It may be seen by calling at our office.

The present number of the Casket is ornamented with a very correct view of Fort M'Henry, rendered famous as the resting place of the "Star Spangled banner," during the defence of Baltimore near the close of the last war. We shall not attempt an account of the gallant and successful resistance which the soldiery assembled in front of our neighboring city, offered to the attempt of the British, at landing in its vicinity and marching for its destruction—"are not these things written in the chronicles of the time?" Yet in our opinions, other advantages may accrue to a people from an important victory than the mere preservation of a Fort or city. There is a moral influence exercised by these developements of patriotic courage that is worthy the consideration of the Patriot and statesman. The associations which spring from consecrated scenes, are important to those whose business it is to mark the mental influence of outward objects—and those who direct the energies of a people should never lose sight of that important part of political economy.—Whatever may have been the number of towns or their inhabitants saved by the dreadful sacrifice at Thermopylæ, they have all, centuries since, ceased to be—the human beings have mingled with their parent dust in undistinguished nothingness—and their habitation, whose materials seemed to laugh at the operations of ages, have crumbled into unseemly ruins, which scarcely denote the place of former greatness—but the *name* of Thermopylæ conjures up the zeal of patriotism, and awakens to the ardour of contest, spirits that have slumbered in inertness, that have bent to oppression as a right, that have groped among the mouldering ruins of their ancestors' splendour, clanking their chains upon the prostrate pillars of their father's palaces, without a thought that there was a single word that could speak into them the life of true existence, and bid them grapple with their oppression with a determination that is itself more of liberty than that unroused stolidity that dreams of freedom because it *feels* no slavery. Points of eminent exertion, scenes where the altar of freedom has smoked with her dearest sacrifice, will live in the hearts of those who love the cause for which those altars were erected, when the quiet scenes of undisturbed enjoyment shall long have ceased to interest. The name of a Bunker's Hill, shall be the watch-word for patriotic enthusiasm to every American, though there his fathers yielded to the strong power of the foe, when the quiet scenes which that consecrated height overlooks shall excite no sensation beyond the ordinary feelings of every day's experience.

These are facts to which the occurrences of every year corroborate, and it is wisdom therefore to keep along our history's line these watch towns of courage and devotion which the patriotism of other men in other years has erected—and among those that shall light with the most unerring directions, will Fort M'Henry be conspicuous; it was the place where husband, father, and son, threw themselves between the ruthless invader, and mothers, wives and daughters; and when again a foreign enemy shall come to desolate and destroy our home, the name of Fort M'Henry, and the deeds with which it is associated, shall be a certain pledge that the foreground of every city shall be the grave of its natural defenders, before its threshhold shall be polluted by the footsteps of invasion.

The view of Fort M'Henry which accompanies this number of the Casket, has been selected as among the most suitable ornaments, and the one most particularly adapted to the present month, being the season when the achievements in that point of successful defence are to be celebrated by the defenders and defended. We cannot doubt that new motives for sacrifices of selfish interests to public good, will be acquired by the reminescences which such a celebration will naturally inspire—the honors paid to patriotism are ever to be considered as bounties for future sacrifices, and while age is reverenced for the services of manhood, youth will be incited to that generous enthusiasm which shall be the future defence of "our fields, our firesides and our altars."

"The Star Spangled Banner," a song *inspired* by the events connected with the defence of our sister city, will not be a novelty to most of our readers; and yet it is so connected with all that it celebrates, that we shall scarcely do justice to the subject without annexing it to these hasty remarks; such a song is worthy the celebration of such events, and cannot, we are certain, be without its benefits—while contemplating our national ensign, who will not exclaim,

The Star Spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Written on board a British squadron, after the bombardment of Baltimore.

AIR—*Anacreon in Heaven.*

O! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming
And the rockets red glare
The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner still wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in the dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam
Of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream—
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more!
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps pollution;
No refuge could save
The hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave—
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heav'n rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then conquer we must,
When our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

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"This Magazine, consists wholly of selections from foreign periodical publications, and is the most valuable publication of the kind with which we are acquainted. The articles are selected with great care and good taste from a large number of Reviews and Magazines, giving to the readers of this work a great proportion of the most instructive, entertaining, and interesting portions of the works from which they are taken. We have recently had opportunity to examine the preceding volumes, and were surprised to find that a publication of so much merit should not have been more generally known, and more extensively circulated.

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This work is published every month, at six dollars a year, by E. LITTELL,
86 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

COMMUNICATED.

I have bestowed a special attention upon several pupils, male and female, in the UNITED STATES INSTITUTION, at No. 187 Pine st. under the management of Mrs. Lucretia Chapman, for imperfections in their utterance. In some instances, the individuals, when first presented to me, had a difficulty of pronunciation disqualifying them almost wholly for social intercourse, and producing a most distressing impression on the person addressed; and the infirmity had existed from early childhood to a period beyond adult life. In less than a fortnight afterwards, sometimes, indeed, after a few days, I have been astonished to find such persons replying with ordinary facility to the very questions, the answers to which, had previously embarrassed them with many painful, protracted and stuttering efforts, to a degree almost beyond the power of utterance. To this statement it is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to add, that I believe the Institution to be in the highest degree deserving public confidence. W. E. HORNER, M. D.

Adjunct professor of Anatomy, in the University of Pennsylvania.

The masters of small craft, and other vessels navigating the Delaware below Philadelphia, are informed that the steamboat NORFOLK, will hereafter make her passage by night, to and from Dover; and they are earnestly requested to use such precautions as may prevent them from coming in contact with the boat. The Norfolk will always show a brilliant light at the bow; and it is hoped that other vessels will adopt the same means of making known their situation on the river.

The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company have directed a survey to be made from the point where their present canal terminates on the Delaware along the east bank of that river to Deposit, and from thence across to the Susquehanna. This survey is directed, we understand, with a view of completing a navigable communication between the waters of the Susquehanna and the Hudson. Mr. Bolton, the president of the company, and Judge Wright, have lately explored the route, and find that a canal can be made along the east bank of the Delaware to Deposit, at a very moderate expense; and it is believed, that it may be carried from thence to the Susquehanna, without difficulty.

On the 26th ult. in the Delaware above Vine street, a white man, was found drowned, name unknown, about 45 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high, stout made, and dark complexion; had on a blue roundabout, a coarse check shirt, linen pantaloons, shoes, but no stockings; nothing was found about him that would lead to any discovery who he was.

The valuable and extensive Law Library, and miscellaneous books and pamphlets of the late William Griffith, Esq. are to be sold at Public Sale, on Thursday the 7th September next, at 9 o'clock, A. M. at the State house, in Trenton, by the Executors, Richard S. Coxe and Charles Kinsey, Esquires.

The work of improvement on the Schuylkill Canal and at the dams, goes on rapidly and will shortly be completed. The anticipations of sickness, entertained, in consequence of letting off the water, have not been realised. At Mount Carbon, the coal business is in active preparation for the re-opening of the navigation.

Letters have been received from Lima, which announce that President Bolivar has entered into a marriage covenant with Miss Hart, of Saybrook, Connecticut, sister of the lady of Commodore Hull of the frigate United States. Miss Hart accompanied her sister on the present cruise of that frigate.

The Spring Garden Loan was taken at a premium of three dollars and thirty cents on every certificate of 100 dollars, bearing an interest of 5 per cent per annum, payable on the first days of January and July, and not redeemable until the first of January, 1850. Nearly three times the amount required was offered—part at par, ¼ per cent 2½, 3 and 4 per cent. premium.

Capt. Humphreys, from St. Thomas, informs, that since the great fire, several other attempts had been made to burn the town, and great fears existed that the negroes contemplated an insurrection. The inhabitants had been kept under arms night and day.

The steam-boat *New Philadelphia*, built in Philadelphia for Messrs. Stevens, of Hoboken, New York, made a trip to Albany on Wednesday week in 12 hours and 23 minutes, being the shortest passage ever made between New York and Albany. The Messrs. Stevens mean to set up a line of steam boats, to make the trip to Albany in 12 hours. In the above trip the boat stopped at five different places on its way up the river.

On Tuesday, the 1st inst. the town of Chatham, U. C. on the river Thames, was visited by a tornado, accompanied with rain and snow! It came across lake St. Clair, and passed over the neck of the Peninsula, lying between that lake and lake Erie, and for the width of a mile in its course, prostrated houses, barns, fences, orchard and forest trees.—The standing grain was destroyed, and the roads rendered impassable for a time. The snow covered the ground, and did not disappear for 24 hours.

"Barefoot Love."—Married on the 16th August at Marietta, Penn. the accomplished Mr. Silas Fuller, to the amiable Mrs. Williams, widow of the late Mr. J. Williams, deceased. We are informed that the bridegroom, out of pure love, 'for the darling of his heart,' appeared at the hymeneal altar *barefooted*. This manifested genuine love.

The Kentucky Gazette relates an unfortunate occurrence which took place in the streets of Lexington, on the night of the 9th ult. Some young men, who had drank freely, were making a great noise in the streets, were met by the watch; a rencounter took place between the captain of the watch and Thomas Park, one of the young men; after some blows had passed between them, Park fired a pistol at the captain, which missed him and entered the breast of William M'Bee, one of the young men with Park, who died instantly. Park has left the place.

A few of the citizens of two counties in North Carolina have petitioned the governor and council to lay an embargo "in order to prevent provisions of every kind from being exported from the state during the present and ensuing seasons." The Raleigh Register adds, that the power of laying an embargo is vested in congress, alone, and moreover, that if the apprehended scarcity should take place, the measure would be necessary, as the farmers would find a better market at home than they could seek abroad.

The University of Virginia has at present about 170 students within its walls. If the law lectures had commenced with the present session, it is calculated that the number would have increased to at least 200. There are students from all the States south of Delaware. Two from New-York. The faculty are stricter than they were during the last session, and the students generally more orderly and studious.

The following melancholy confession is taken from the back of a 20 dollar Planters Bank Note, and no is doubt drawn forth by awful experience. It is *distressingly pathetic* indeed:—"Go, go!—twelve months ago I was worth two thousand of your amount, but alas, to-day I am not worth one dollar. Oh Cotton! Cotton!! Cotton!!!"—*Sav. Georgian.*

The Western Courier, published at Ellicottville, Cattaragus county, gives an account of a whirlwind, which swept along the Cattaragus creek, levelling every thing in its way. The bridge over the creek was entirely demolished; several of the timbers were thrown into the air and fell at a distance of thirty rods. The roofs were torn from several houses, and beds, loads of hay, &c. carried away. The fleets were prostrated in every direction. No lives were lost.

A melancholy occurrence took place on the 6th ult. on the south side of Fishing Creek, Chester District, S. C.—Mr. Pagan and his whole family, consisting of seven persons, and three of Mr. Abraham Gill's children, in the same neighborhood, were bitten by a dog belonging to Mr. Pagan. Mrs. Pagan has already shewed symptoms of this most terrible disease.

A land Tortoise was found the present Summer on the farm of Jesse J. Maris, in Chester township, marked "James Shaw, 1732." It was worn very smooth, but the name and date were perfectly legible. It was also marked "1765" which was more distinctly indented. From the large size and antiquated appearance of the animal, there is little doubt but that it had passed through the vicissitudes of a century. It was marked with the date of the present year and set at liberty.

The ordinary route for travellers from Philadelphia to Geneva, in one of the central counties of New York, has been by the way of the cities of New York, Albany, &c. making a circuit of nearly 450 miles. A semi-weekly line of stages now runs between Geneva and Philadelphia, by which nearly 200 miles of travelling are saved! The route is direct from Geneva to Ovid, Newtown, Towanda, Berwick, and Reading.

The ruins of the Exchange Buildings at the corner of William and Garden-streets, New-York, which were burnt on the 28th of last April, are still smoking. A person remarked that this smoke probably proceeded from the specimens of Rhode Island Stone Coal, which the Company kept in the cellar, and which being once ignited by means of powerful conflagration, has been burning ever since.

A great improvement has been announced, in Boston, for the benefit of printers, in the shape of an economical substitute for the Wash Skin Rollers or Balls, now in use, called the "Elastic Composition Roller." The inventor says that $355 per annum on one press, may be saved by employing one of these Composition Rollers, with the aid of a boy at 4 cents per token.

In the prosecution of the excavations on the summit level of the Delaware and Hudson canal, in Sullivan County, N. Y. the workmen have discovered a part of the *bones of a Mammoth*, consisting of one of the *hip bones* and a number of the *joints* of the *back*. The weight of the hip-bone, when first taken out was 35 pounds, although much depreciated in weight, *on account of the great length of time it must* have lain in the earth. It is thought from the dimensions of this bone, that the animal must have been 8 or 9 feet across the hips when living. The socket of the thigh bone was found to be 23 inches in circumference.

A Hog in a Printing Office.—The accidents to which Printers of hebdomadal journals in the country towns are liable, are more vexatious from their not being full-handed enough to remedy them. We commiserate them, whenever announced, but it is not easy to suppress a smile at the cause of the following apology for publishing a half sheet, instead of a whole sheet, last week:

From the Warrenton (N. C.) Reporter.

Having had the misfortune to have the inner form of our last paper thrown into utter confusion, technically called 'Pie,' by a medling hog, we find it impracticable to present our readers with a full sheet this week. We hope the circumstance itself will be received as our apology.

LATE EUROPEAN ADVICES.

The news from the manufacturing districts of England possesses a mournful interest. The distresses of the Spitalfield weavers equal in intensity those of their brethern in the north of England. More than 9000 of them depend on public contributions for their support; and the fountain of private charity seemed nearly exhausted. But for a fresh donation of 1000 pounds from his majesty, the committee must have closed labors on the 20th of July.

A Bolton paper states, that five mills suspended operations at the end of last week in that town alone, by which 2000 workmen were added to the multitudes out of employment.

The misery at Manchester is most appalling, and increasing every day; manufacturers, workmen, and people of every description feel the oppression of the times. A gentleman from Colne says, that in his part a weaver must work night and day for a week, in order to obtain five shillings.

The distress in the manufacturing districts of Scotland exceeds, perhaps, that of Lancashire or any part of England. It is stated, for example, in a letter from Glasgow, that in the small town of Maybole, in Ayreshire, the inhabitants of which only amounted to 3000, there are 1,768 persons out of employment.

The notices of the harvest in England, are favorable; yet a knowledge of this fact does not appear to have had any effect on the price of grain. The truth is, that an average crop will no longer supply the wants of England, with its increased population.

The amount of goods insured from fire by one bookseller's firm in London, is not less than three hundred thousand pounds sterling.—Messrs. Whitakers, booksellers, paid for the year 1825, 5,910*l.* for their newspaper advertisements.

A British captain has been sentenced to a House of Correction in England, for selling four African girls, who were committed to him as security. His ship and her cargo, are threatened with confiscation.

The Commissioners for building new churches in England, have reported that they have determined on, and made provision for the erection of 165 churches and chapels, of which 64 are finished, and have been or are ready to be consecrated. The number of persons accommodated in the churches which are finished, is 99,478, including 55,533 free seats, to be appropriated to the use of the poor. The amount already expended under the commission is 777,200.

The entire works of Lord Byron have recently been published in Paris, by Galignani, in one handsome octavo volume of 716 pages, printed in double columns. The type is handsome and plain, and the work is embellished with a fine likeness of the author and a fac simile of a letter written by his lordship, to Galignani, from Venice, dated April 27, 1819.

The letter to the French publisher, signed 'Walter Scott,' denying his being the author of the Scotch Novels, must certainly be a forgery. We really cannot comprehend the use of the continuation of this silly coquetry. We have ourselves seen the original MSS. in Constable's hands, and so have many others, and thence we know that the novels are Sir Walter Scott's.

The description in the first series of "Tales of My Landlord," of the death of John Balfour of Burley, has been censured by some critics as unnatural, and portraying an intense and deadly malice which could not be paralleled in real life. The following occurrence

bears a striking resemblance, in some of its parts, to that scene —

On Friday evening, two young men, belonging to Houston, went to the "Black line," in the river Gryffe, above the Crossley, for the purpose of bathing, and having quarrelled in the water, they grasped each other, and both went down and were drowned. When their bodies were found, the one had a firm hold of the other by the face with both hands.—*Scotch paper.*

The Drama.

Wm. B. Wood, formerly co-manager of the Philadelphia theatre, has relinquished this situation, and in a parting address to the public makes particular mention of the zeal which he has shown in catering for the taste of our citizens for sixteen years. He says, "None, he is conscious, have been treated with greater indulgence, for he has experienced, not the severity of a *task master*, but the smiles and encouragement of a kind and liberal friend." The management of our theatre will be under the controul of Mr. Warren, in future. Next season will commence a brilliant era in theatrical affairs in this city, many performers of splendid talents are to be engaged, and novelty of every kind will be zealously brought forward.

The Washington theatre, with part of the Philadelphia company, opened on Thursday evening, with the comedy of the Poor Gentleman, and the farce of the Rendezvous.

The Park Theatre, New York, opened for the season on Monday evening. The new decorations, it is said, are remarkably splendid. Mr. Cooper was to play Damon, on Wednesday evening. The opera performed on Tuesday, The manager of the Lafayette Theatre, has recently produced two very showy pieces, the Avenger, and El Hyder, both of which have been very successful and brought crowded houses. The Chatham Theatre is undergoing a complete repair. The rear wall of the house has been pulled down and a new gable end erected, giving additional width, and extending the depth of the stage about twenty five feet. When completed, it is calculated it will contain upwards of five thousand persons seated. Miss Kelly, the star of Covent Garden, and sister to the lady who delighted us last winter, it is rumoured, is about to pay a visit to America.—Maywood has arrived at Utica. There is a considerable opposition to theatrical entertainments in the western towns and villages of New York. A very calm remonstrance against them has appeared in a Utica paper, and the Editor says it contains the sentiments of many respectable inhabitants.

The Broadway Circus is to be opened for the Park company on the evenings when the Italian Opera perform at the theatre, and dramatic representations will take place there, the same as if brought forward at the regular house.

It is said in the Georgia Courier that Mrs. Gilbert has applied for the management of the Augusta theatre, and that it will probably open on the 15th October.

The Miss Gillinghams of New-York are giving concerts in Boston. They sing Italian selections from Mozart and Rossina.

The Boston Theatre, in Federal-street, opens the middle of next month. It has been much improved since last season. The length, by an addition to the first tier, has been increased about twenty feet. The lobby is widened, and the saloon decorated.

Mr. Dwyer the actor, is giving lectures on elocution in Albany.

A public dinner has been given to Mr. Kean in Montreal. Mr. Barnes took his benefit at Quebec on the 18th ult.

The Montreal Herald contains a very long critique upon the performance of Mr. Kean—his Brutus and Hamlet are highly commended—but his Cardinal Woolsey and Sylvester Daggerwood obtained for him no credit: the first was well performed, but the play of Henry VIII. is entirely unfit for the stage.

The circumstances connected with the murder of Col. Sharpe, and the conviction and execution of his murderer, are to be dramatised by a gentleman of North Carolina, Mr. Joseph Hutton, formerly of this city.

Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1826.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

SYLVIA's poetical Sketch—Abner, a poem, by SELIM—and lines "to Arabella," R.—are designed for our next number.

We were particularly gratified on reading the original fable of "The Gardener and Rose," the chaste production of the Rev. Samuel Pearce. We think it admirably calculated to produce the philanthropic intentions of the writer, and to awaken the liveliest sympathies of the humane breast. We shall find room for it soon.

Our correspondent at Princeton, who, by his leave, we will in future designate with the appellation of "PARLIE," will have proper attention, in future, paid to his favours, the first of which we did propose to publish this week; it is, however, reserved for another paper.

The ingenious puzzle which a friend at De Witts valley furnished us a few days ago, along with a new subscriber for "the Casket," we shall certainly publish—the CASKET is advancing rapidly in public estimation—this week there have been full *fifty* new names added to the list—we are preparing splendid engravings to accompany the future numbers.

In "Expectatus," under whatever name he may assume, we are desirous still to recognize a friend. If any *promises* have passed between us, they shall be considered binding on our part, so *far* as present circumstances demand.

"Combinatus," (recollect we make no pledge) may, if our present intentions do not prove abortive, find his lucubrations occupying a suitable place in the OLIO column—we dont say when—but *guess* it will be in six or seven days.

The Epitaph inscribed on the monument to the memory of *Sir Isaac Newton*, sent from Newton, Delaware county—EDWIN (who is, to use a part of the old proverb, ever on the *alert, after the fair*)—"Address of a lover to his mistress." CHARITAS—SIMON SOLIDITY's Epistle to his country friend—a prose article signed S. A.—a Western tale, KENTUCKY—besides other matters, which will be placed in proper keeping as a *corps de reserve*, have been handed in.

The anecdotes signed B. P. D. bear an original dress, but we have heard the substance of them related before.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

We published, two weeks since, a list of the premiums offered by the Franklin Institute of this city, for the best samples of mechanical ingenuity, chemical discovery, &c. &c. &c. The influence of the previous liberality of the Institute, has been powerfully felt, and it may be anticipated that it will be particularly conspicuous in the approaching exhibition. There is a value in the exertions of the Institute beyond ordinary appreciation, or momentary effect; not only is the ingenuity and enterprize of our tradesmen called into action, but new motives for legitimate emulation are found by the publicity that is given to every effort, and the chance of comparison with others of a similar kind. Previous to the existence of the Franklin Institute, there were few motives for ingenious workmen to tax their skill: the ordinary requirements of their occupation afforded ample employment for their time, to yield a reasonable reward for their exertion. An extraordinary effort, they were aware, might produce superior workmanship in articles to excite *admiration*, but who was to appreciate the full amount of labour and materials employed, and reward the extraordinary attention and skill devoted to its completion. It is in such circumstances that the influence of the Institute is to be particularly felt. Where no hope is entertained of a commensurate reward for extraordinary exertions and superior execution, science and ingenuity have no stimulant to action, and the careless and *inert* have the same reward as those who give heed to their labour. Nor is it alone the expectation of an immediate pecuniary remuneration for exertion that stimulates the spirited mechanic; the exhibition of his work acquires for him a credit that will be of incalculable advantage to his shop, and it is the praise of the Franklin Institute directors that they have extended their offers of premiums in such a manner that the members of almost every branch of the mechanic arts may be stimulated to competition; and there are discretionary rewards, or at least the encouragement of verbal commendation for almost every production of acknowledged utility and superior execution which may be presented.

It was once the wish of the great Philosopher whose name the Institute bears, after viewing the resuscitation of some flies, that he might have animation suspended for a century, and then return to see how affairs prospered in his little republic; doubtless had such a wish been granted, he would have started with astonishment at our vast accession of territory, and wondered at the amazing increase of population, spread from the Atlantic to the lakes—science, his own favourite branch, would afford delight, and all the improvements in policy and increase in power that characterise our country, would be matter of especial admiration; but no single circumstance, perhaps, in all the variety of improvements in our country, would be found so congenial to the taste of the good man, so much what he would desire to have projected, as that very Institution with which his name should be most intimately associated, as the Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania, offering education and encouragement to the scientific mechanic, and inviting to industry and usefulness the most numerous portion of our citizens. The consciousness that they are pursuing the course which such a man would most emphatically approve, and which their own experience, and the voice of a benefitted public declare to be eminently useful, will stimulate the directors of the Franklin Institute to prosecute, with all ardour, the great and good work upon which they have so nobly entered.

GREECE.

Among the improvements of the times, that of the quality and arrangements of our text books for schools is to be considered, not the least important. Indeed, when we consider the almost indelible effects of early impressions, we cannot too highly appreciate the worth of books that convey, in a simple manner, those important truths that are to form the nucleus of our subsequent acquirements, and effect in the most important degree, the character and tone of our minds. History is a study peculiarly adapted to the tastes and circumstances of childhood, inasmuch as its incidents serve to gratify the curiosity, peculiarly the characteristic of youth, and its *facts* serves to strengthen the mind and give it a healthy and profitable tone. It rarely happens that persons who have commenced in youth a regular study of history, are troubled with that morbid appetite for novel reading which vitiates the mind of so many of both sexes, disqualifies them for judging of, or enjoying, the realities of life; gives them a feverish expectancy of something they can never possess, or possessing they are unable to enjoy. It is in the realities of life that patterns for imitation, or examples of revolting infamy to avoid, are to be sought—because it is in real life that happiness or misery is to be experienced—Impressed with the importance of these facts, we have always regarded, with particular delight, the successful attempts of literary men to render the study of history agreeable to youth, without mingling its facts with deleterious action. Perhaps no person has done more towards perfecting the work of school histories than Mr. Grimshaw, whose version of Goldsmith's Rome, the History of England, and that of the United States, are regarded as among the most popular and admirably adapted works of the present day.—To these, Mr. Grimshaw has added, within a short time, a revision of Goldsmith's Greece; this was a link in the historical chain much needed—and we doubt not, that the public voice will decide as favourably upon this production as it has upon the previous efforts of the same indefatigable and worthy author.—Goldsmith's Greece, without a revision, is not calculated for schools; it abounds in errors, in indelicate description, improper phrases, and is, indeed, a proof how very badly a good author can write, if indeed there is not much room to doubt Goldsmith ever composed the histories to which his name is attached. "He touches nothing that he does not ornament," is the praise which the great Johnson bestowed upon the author of "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," &c. but as an historian, Goldsmith is, to say the least, undeserving credit. Mr. Grimshaw has adopted the easy descriptive style of that writer, retained his facts, connected his dates, and entirely and handsomely adapted his work to the school desk. The book of questions and the accompanying key, are valuable additions to the work, and will be found most serviceable to teacher and pupil.

From a knowledge of the book, and some acquaintance with the wants of those for whom it was especially prepared, we unhesitatingly recommend Grimshaw's Greece as one of the best (in our opinion, the very best of) works of the kind that has been offered to the public.

COPY RIGHTS.

The poverty of Authors is proverbial; their own and all their own is scarcely worthy computation; the garret, and the threadbare coat have long been their undisturbed and undenied abode and covering. Every whipster has been furnished with a gibe at their expense, and few, very few, have had the hardihood to contradict, and still fewer attempt to disprove this libel upon authorship, rendered still more libellous by its truth. It is not enough that writers must be hedfellows with poverty, but intruding mischief makers must "peep through the blanket of the dark," and "prate of their whereabouts;" we shall, at another opportunity, deal more directly with this custom of slander—meantime we have a word for the law that condemns their offspring to the misery of hereditary poverty enforced by enactment, as worse than what the French call *Les droits d'aineese*—the law of primogeniture—which declares that the oldest son *shall be* rich, without making reference to the fate of the youngest.

We can scarcely imagine a more valid claim to any property or thing, than that of *creation*, though that thing were a falsehood. In all mechanical or agricultural operations, such a proof of claims would be most readily admitted. "The law would allow it, and the court award it."

Yet look at the tenure on which the author holds his book—he must spend years in the acquisition of that knowledge which forms the mere tools with which he labours, he must possess, in general, genius for its plan, talents and industry for its execution, and separate himself from other means of support while he is engaged in forming it—he must obtain a copy right, incur the risk of a first edition, and by the time the work has secured the sanction of the public and the corrections which its author is enabled to give it, the copy right expires, and the work is seized by literary *sharks*, and made common stock to the whole country.

These things are unequal and unjust—if expense is incurred in publication, common right requires that a *fee* be had upon the *books* for the payment of debts; or indeed to change for other pecuniary obligations the owner of them; but do not give a *power* when there is clearly no *right*, to give the labours to the idle and the illiterate. It is no argument against the limitation of copy right security, that few books are published that survive the *fourteen* years allowed by law—who shall say what is valuable?—or who compute for a man the worth of his own possessions?—nay, the very fact that works are published without the consent of the author, is prima facia evidence of their value. But it is known to many persons conversant with the publication of books, that many works of real value do not acquire with the public a just estimation until long after they first issue from the press; this is, perhaps, less to be remarked of works of taste, than those relating especially to the arts and sciences. We could within our small acquaintance, designate one or two individuals who are very nearly dependent upon the sales of a single book, the copy right of which is in their possession. These families will still more need the profits of the publication when they shall have been deprived of those to whom, by nature, they look for support. Yet in a few years, the time for securing to a man the *possession* of his own, will expire; and the right to supply the market and enjoy their own will be denied.

There are many evils attending this precious provision of the law, among which, we notice that it absolutely keeps good works already written, out of the market; strange as this may appear, it is nevertheless a *fact*. Suppose a demand for a work not *generally* known; it may be supposed that a bookseller of enterprize would immediately publish it, as there was not copy right law to prevent it; but he would pause upon the enterprize. If he issues an edition it would be proof that the work was desired, and another publisher would follow with the same work, and by glutting the market cause a loss to the first if not to both.

Who, or where are the descendants of Shakspeare? Alas! they have been so long poor that they have been forgotten. What would the descendants of the great Master of the English Drama have been, had they alone possessed the right of publishing the works of their ancestor?

We make these observations in reference to the authors; we can at least on this subject speak disinterestedly, having as carefully eschewed the sin of authorship, as we humbly and heartily hope to be spared from its consequences—yet we cannot but think that the subject is worthy legislative enquiry, not merely for the benefit of literature or literary men, but as an abstract question of right.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

John E. Hall, Esq. editor of the Port Folio, is about publishing "The Philadelphia Souvenir, or a collection of fugitive pieces, from the Philadelphia Press, with biographical and explanatory notes." It will consist of selections from the writings of Dennie, and the circle of which he was the centre.

At an Ordination held in Trinity Church, Southwark, on Sunday morning last, by the Right Rev. Bishop White, Mr. William Bryant, and Mr. William J. Rees, were admitted to the Holy Order of Deacons.

The Steam boat Philadelphia, Capt. Crocker, left Norfolk on Sunday evening at 6 o'clock, with 23 passengers for Dover and Philadelphia, and the steam boat Norfolk, Capt. Robinson, arrived at this city with 30 passengers, 20 of whom come all the way through.

Intelligence has been received at the State Department of the death of Mr. Anderson, our Minister to Colombia. He died at Carthagena, on the 24th July, on his way to Panama, as one of the Commissioners to the great American Congress.

It is proposed to make a new public promenade in Broad-street, Centre square, to be 30 feet wide, and planted on each side with trees, extending the length of the city.

A magnificent four story HOTEL is near completion, on Chesnut *street*, opposite to the Bank of the United States. It is owned by Mr. ROE, and under the name of Congress Hall, will be occupied by Mr. Renshaw in the beginning of October.

A gentleman who had the curiosity to count the vehicles that passed up the Mannayunk Road, on Sunday last, enumerated in all 57 gigs, 40 dearborns, 9 coaches, and 9 stages, besides 34 persons on horseback.

The Orleans county Advocate, state of New-York, says that Mr. David Bottom of Ridgeway, in that county, has engaged in the culture of the Silk Worm and Mulberry Tree to a considerable extent. He has already 300 trees, and has had this season, about 1200 worms at work, from which 120 knots or skeins of raw silk have been produced.

The following are the numbers drawn in the New York Literature Lottery, Class No. 5, on Wednesday afternoon:

31 27 33 49 38 12 52 43

In the Primary Schools of Boston, there are about 2,000 pupils, from 4 to 7 years of age. The Latin, Classical, and English High Schools contain 4,000.

De Witt Clinton, jun. and a corps of eleven engineers are surveying the Susquehanna river from Cooperstown down to Chenango point. It is supposed they will be employed 40 days.

It is said that a branch of the United States Bank is about being established at Albany. At the last accounts President Biddle was in that quarter.

Live rattlesnakes are exhibiting at Boston. A new one has been advertised in the following style:—"He is a fine, lively, light spirited fellow, 13 years old."

Twelve gentlemen in Indiana lately killed in one day 1300 woodpeckers.

Gales and Seaton, of the National Intelligencer, state that their subscribers and patrons are in arrears to them in the sum of *one hundred thousand dollars*.

Mr. James Shriver, who was employed in surveying some of the waters of Indiana, with a view of uniting the Wabash, White Water, and Maumee rivers, died at Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the 8th ult.

At a caucus in Missouri, a lad named Robertson Moore, aged 12 years, made a *speech*, which is published in the papers!!

The Kentucky Ledger mentions a young man who, on being told Mr. Jefferson was dead, said he had never heard of such a man—and another who refused to take the Ledger because its editor advertised to print Cards supposing Playing Cards were meant.

A western editor thus prefaces the announcement of *his* own marriage:—"What I *know* to be true, that will I have the boldness to publish."

The American Bible Society received, in the months of May and June, the sum of 8,428 dollars and 47 cents; and issued, in those months, 11,535 bibles and testaments, amounting to 6,476 dollars and 12 cents.

David Holmes has resigned the office of Governor of Mississippi, in consequence of extreme ill health rendering him incapable of performing its duties. His place will be supplied until the next election, by G. C. Branden, Lieutenant Governor.

A literary premium of $100 is offered at Albany, to the person who shall write the best essay or criticism, on the different spelling books now in use.

Among the canal boats which arrived at Albany last week, was the "Lion of Ohio," with pig iron and stores, direct from Madison county, Ohio.

Mr. Clay has left Lexington on his return to Washington. His health is not good, and he returns by the white Sulphur Springs in Virginia. He takes Monticello on his way and makes a visit to Mr. Madison. It will be the middle of September before he reaches Washington.

In New-Hampshire there are *fifty* cotton and woollen manufactories. They manufacture, annually, 30 millions yards of cloth.

Isaac Van Wart is not the only surviving captor of Major Andre. David Williams, another of the captors, resides near Rensalaerville, N. Y.

The Newbern (North Carolina) Sentinel says that 5000 watermelons were brought to that market in one day; and that a person had realized one hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents from the produce of one acre and a quarter, and had not then sold all.

The combined weight of six water melons, raised in Monroe county, N. Y. this season, was 169 lbs. 14 oz. The largest weighed 35 lbs. 4 oz.

This is a plentiful season for fruit, particularly apples, our orchards are loaded even to breaking down, with abundance of the largest and finest flavoured.

In all parts of the country we have heard from, the grain harvest is good, and summer crops give abundant promise.

The present crop of cotton in Tennessee is expected to exceed the last by 10,000 bales. Last year's crop was 40,000 bales.

Mr. Peel, the British Minister, is shortly to visit the Canadas.

During an election in Burlington, Indiana, on the 9th ultimo. a man by the name of Bogas, was stabbed with a knife by a Mr. Riddle with whom he was fighting Bogas was in great danger.

A turnip weighing *five* pounds, and measuring 24 inches in circumference, has been raised in Farquhar county, Va. this season.

The Cincinnati Gazette states that I. B. Desha died on Sunday, the 13th ult. in the jail in Kentucky, of the wound inflicted on himself some weeks since.

It is stated that 9000 strangers visited Saratoga Springs during the present season. At present there are 1000 drinking the water.—In one day last week, 32 post coaches and hacks arrived with fresh cargoes.

A large gun at Darien, Geo. was called Thomas Jefferson. It was brought out on the last fourth of July and 82 shots were fired with it. At the 83d it burst. This was the age of Jefferson, and has been mentioned as another coincidence.

The U. S. Frigate Constellation, Capt. Woolsey, bearing the broad pendant of Com. Warrington, was to sail from Pensacola about the 1st ult. on a short cruize on the coast of Cuba, and thence homeward.

Dr. William Howard, of the United States Board of Internal improvement, is about to "commence the surveys necessary to ascertain the practicability of a canal communication from the harbor of Baltimore to the waters of the Potomac."

Signior Fiorelli, an Italian, committed suicide in New York, on Saturday morning, by twisting a handkerchief round his neck.

The Secretary of the Navy left Washington City, on Saturday last, in company with Capt. Morris, Commissioner of the Navy Board, on a tour to the Mountains and Springs, for the benefit of his health.

Another murder has been committed at Lexington, Ken. on the body of one William Dean. The murderer is unknown. When are these things to end?

At Mobile, during the week ending July 31st. there were 3 deaths by bilious fever, one by dysentery, one by typhus fever, and four by yellow fever. Among the deaths by the last mentioned disease, we notice that of John Calhoun, carpenter, of Pennsylvania, aged 27 years.

The Committee on the Gymnasium at Boston, have leased a lot of ground, and are making final arrangements for their establishment.

The Old Court party in Kentucky has succeeded.

An alarming fire in the woods to the east and south of Buffalo has threatened that village for some days past.

Mr. Israel Probasco, of Winchester, (Vt.) on the 21st ult. was killed by the accidental discharge of a rifle; and Peter Anderson, of the same town, was found dead in one of his fields.

Written to the memory of JOHN SMITH, House Carpenter.

Altho' his eyes are closed in death,
His body mingled with the earth,
We trust his soul has wing'd its flight
To mansions of eternal light:
There with its kindred spirits blest,
From care and pain shall ever rest,
And with its God forever dwell,
To sing the praise no tongue can tell:
Weep not, fond widow, let him rest,
God is a father to the fatherless;
Ask of him your daily store,
Trust in him forever more.

These lines were sent to us written with a lead pencil on a five inch pine board, identical of the trade of the deceased—we mention the circumstance on account of its singularity only—the poetry evinces a feeling mind as belonging to the writer.

☞ NOTICE.—ADVERTISEMENTS, to insure their insertion, must be handed in on Thursday. To prevent this portion of the paper from encroaching on the miscellaneous department, the price of advertising, in future, will be thus regulated:—

☞ *Ten lines*, or under, will be inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR. Over *ten lines*, and not exceeding *twenty*, the price will be double, and so on as the size increases. The number of insertions must be limited, and the amount paid in advance. ☞ Subscribers only will be allowed a deduction of 20 per cent. off all sums over two dollars. ☞ No exception will be made to this rule.

CIRCUS.—This evening, various new feats of Horsemanship by the company. Mr. Buckley, clown. Slack Rope by Mr. Stoker. Mons. and Madame Robert will go through their wonderful feats of skill and dexterity. The performances to conclude with the laughable farce of TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW—Lazarillo, Mr. Cowell, in which character he will introduce the comic song called A Picture of a Play House.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS SINCE OUR LAST.

Brig George, Warner, Trinidad, 25 days mdze.
Schr. Revenue, Tyler, Kingston, Ja. 18 days, Rum and Coffee.
Ship Ohio, Garwin, New Orleans, via Lazaretto, Sugar, &c.
Brig Colombian, Rogan, Laguira, 18 days, mdze.
Ship Margaret, Grover, Liverpool, 33 days, mdze.
Brig Calleo, Simmonds, Cette, 46 days Wine.
Schr. ——, Johnson, St. Martins, 25 ds. Sugar &c.
Mount Vernon, Ireland, Turks Island, 16 days, mdze.
Amelia, Antonio, Jaquemel, 28 days, Hache Wood.
Amelia, Dobson, St. Jago de Cuba, 22 days, mdze.
Ship Cambria, Robinson, London, 39 days, mdze.
Schr. Antoinette, Bateman, Havana, via Lazaretto, Sugar, &c.
Brig Commodore Barry, Carapell, St. Croix, 14 days, Sugar &c.
Schr. Susan, Craighead, Kingston, Ja. mdze.

CLEARANCES.

Ship Minerva, Myell, Havre.
Brig Nestor, Sparling, Lubec.
Schr. M'Donnough, Selby, Havana.
Brig Mary, Desnique, Marseilles.
Antelope, Care, St. Jago de Cuba.
Schr. Fame, Silbert, Vera Cruz.
Ship Ajax, Nicolls, New-York.
Brig Scio, Graves, St. Eustatia.
Schr. Martha, Hunter, West Indies.
Brig Cyno, King, West Indies.
Schr. Joseph, Meads, Port au Prince.
Ship Langdon Cheves, Baker, Charleston.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, 24th ult. at the residence of Mrs. Craig, near Norristown, by the Rev. Mr. Nassau, Mr. EDWARD JONES of Philadelphia, to Miss HARRIET CRAIG, daughter of the late Mr. Daniel Craig, of Montgomery county.

On Thursday, the 24th ult. by the Rev. Stephen R. Smith, Pastor of the 2d Universalist Church, Mr. JOHN J. HESS, to Miss MARY ANN GILBERT, daughter of Samuel Gilbert, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the evening of the 27th ult. by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. ARTHUR CONNELLY, to Miss MARY CRAFT, daughter of Gershom Craft, all of this city.

On the 12th ult. at St. Louis, Missouri, by the Rev. Mr. Deneckrey, Mr. STEPHEN F. NIDELET, of Philadelphia, to Miss EMILIE S. CELESTE, daughter of General Bernard Pratte, of St. Louis.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. M. B. Roche, Mr. WILLIAM THOMPSON, to Miss ANN JANE PATTERSON, all of Southwark.

On Wednesday evening last, at Germantown, by the Rev. Mr. Baker, Mr. WILLIAM RUSH, to Miss HENRIETTA, only daughter of John Shaw, Esq. of the Northern Liberties.

DIED,

On Thursday evening, JACOB LAURENCE, sen. in the 82d year of his age, an old and respectable inhabitant of the district of Southwark.

On Friday morning, the 25th ult. after a lingering illness, Mr. JOHN S. SMITH, aged 60.

On Wednesday, at his residence in Germantown, after a short illness, PHILIP KELLY, formerly of this city.

On Wednesday morning, in the 69th year of her age, SARAH BRYAN.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. JOHN W. HAMILTON.

On Tuesday, the 29th ult. Mr. GEORGE GIDEON, of this city.

On Tuesday morning, after a short but severe illness, aged 15 months, CAROLINE, daughter of Henry Thiell, Printer.

On Monday morning about 5 o'clock, Mr. ANDREW SWANSON, in his 50th year.

On Monday morning, ELIZA MATILDA, daughter of David Steckert, aged 18 months.

On Monday morning, of a short and painful illness, Miss MARY ANNA FISS, aged 22.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. MARY WHITMIRE, aged 35.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. MARY TILLY, in the 53d year of her age.

On Tuesday last, after an illness of one week, Miss ANN HETEW, aged 35.

On the 24th ult. at Moorestown, N. J. in the 75th year of her age, ELIZABETH DE BENNEVILLE, wife of Dr. Daniel De Benneville.

On Sunday morning, the 20th ult. at Charleston, S. C. WILLIAM SMITH, Comb Maker, a native of Philadelphia.

Deaths during the past week.

	Adults.	Children.	Total.
Philadelphia,	41	53	94
New-York,	52	79	131

WASHINGTON GRAYS.

A STATED meeting of the Corps, will be held on Monday evening at half past seven o'clock, at Robinson's. EDMUND A. SOUDER, Secretary.

PARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of Gardiner & Veron, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Gardiner having sold out his entire interest in the late concern, to Mr George South and Mr. Timothy Veron, who in conjunction with Lewis Veron is authorized to settle the business of the late firm. BALDWIN GARDINER.
September 1, 1826. LEWIS VERON.

CO-PARTNERSHIP FORMED.

The subscribers have the pleasure of informing their friends and the public in general, that they have formed a Co-partnership, and will continue the business of the late firm of Gardiner and Veron, under the firm of Lewis Veron & Co. LEWIS VERON,
GEORGE W. SOUTH,
September 1, 1826. TIMOTHY VERON.

LEWIS VERON & Co.

No. 98 Chesnut Street,

HAVE in Store, of the latest importations, a large and splendid assortment of almost every article to the furnishing line, consisting of

LAMPS,
CUTLERY,
JAPANNERY,
BRITANNIA METAL,
BLOCK TIN,
FRENCH CHINA,
MANTLE CLOCKS,
ALABASTER VASES,
FANCY HANDWARE,
In General, &c. &c.

September 1, 1826. [3—tf

ASTRONOMICAL LECTURES.

THE closing lectures of Mr. Steven's first course on Astronomy, will be delivered in the Franklin Institute, on Monday evening, September 4th, at half past seven o'clock. In the course of which he will repeat the most interesting illustrations of his whole series—among which will be the variety of Seasons—Eclipses—Tides—Equation of time—Harvest Moon—Measuring distances &c. &c. Mr. S. will also treat of Meteors and Comets, illustrating the Planetary motions, elucidate the principles of Magnetism, shew why the needle points to the pole. Admittance 25 cents at the door.—His second and last course will commence on Tuesday evening, Sept. 5th. Tickets for the course of six lectures may be had at the book store of R. H. Small, 144 Chesnut street, or at the door of the lecture room in Seventh street, between Market and Chesnut. Tickets $3 each. Sept 2—1t*

Classical and Scientific Education.

J. P. ESPY'S School will be opened on Monday, the 4th September, in Seventh street, near Arch.

In this Institution are taught the Latin and Greek and Latin, Geography, History, and English Grammar, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry and Surveying, the use of the Globes, Natural Philosophy, and Popular Astronomy; to which will be added, if required, Writing, French, Italian, and Spanish, by the best masters. The number of pupils will be limited to 34. Price 15 dollars per quarter; to which five dollars will be added, if Writing, French, Italian or Spanish shall be required. sept 2—3t*

PHILANTHROPIC BURIAL GROUND SOCIETY.

THE members will be punctual in attending a meeting to be held at Keating's hotel, South 6th street, on Wednesday evening, the 6th inst. at 8 o'clock.

WM. LANEK, Sec'ry.

Persons wishing to obtain the right of membership and interment, it being at a very low rate, are also particularly requested to attend. sept. 2—1t*

C. A. SPOONER

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and those of her customers, who are still disposed to favour her with their patronage, that she has removed to No 124 North Second street, fifth door above Race, upper side, where she will keep an excellent assortment of Leghorns, Straws, Fancy Hats, Dress Caps, Turbans, &c. Leghorns whitened and polished with the cold press, black Leghorns altered, and trimmed in the most fashionable manner. Her utmost exertions will be used to merit the preference and satisfaction of all those who will favour her with their confidence. sept. 2—3t*

PUBLIC SALES AT AUCTION.

No. 73 Market street, a few doors above Second.

TEA.

On Wednesday morning, 6th of September, at 11 o'clock, at the Custom House,

An invoice of Teas partially damaged, to be sold without reserve, 25 boxes Yonkay, 11 do Souchong, 10 do bougla, 4 do hyson skin, 11 do Kampoey, 11 half boxes do.

Also, to close sales, 60 quarter chests very superior Souchong.

Ninth Periodical Sale of
AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

Comly & Tevis, in conformity of the resolution of the Manufacturers, will sell,

On Saturday, the 16th of September,

About 800 packages, comprising all the varieties of goods manufactured in the vicinity of Philadelphia, with a general assortment of Eastern made goods.

Liberal advances in cash made on goods consigned for sale.

COMLY & TEVIS, *Auctioneers.*

SMOKING CHIMNEYS REMEDIED.

THE Subscriber will undertake to build chimneys on a Parent plan, which he will warrant to draw smoke well. Also, to alter smoking chimneys so as to prevent their smoking in future. No remedy no pay. He will also undertake brick and stone work, by contract or in the usual way. WILLIAM B. SHINN,
No. 10 Hickory Court, Callowhill, above 6th street.

All kinds of fire work for brewers, hatters, &c. set up.

All applications made to the following persons will be attended to,

GEORGE BUTTZ, No. 116 North Third street.
JOHN B. GIBSON, 372 Market street.
LEWIS GOULEY, 44 North Third street.
SARAH BRADSHAW, Chesnut St. near 6th street.

CERTIFICATE.

We, the subscribers, do hereby certify that WILLIAM SHINN has altered one or more chimneys for each of us, which has smoked so as to be nearly useless, but so far as we can judge, since he has finished them, they are now completely cured,

Elias Boudinot,	Ann Higbee, Trenton,
Reay King, Burlington,	G. D. Wall, do.
William C. Leslie, Trenton,	Wm. Kirkpatrick Lancaster.
Henry B. Rowell, do.	Wm. Lee Amon, Hartford Co. Md.
Joseph J. Thompson, do.	
Charles Higbee, do.	John Waters, do.
Joseph Higbee, do.	And a number more.

Sept. 2—3t

CHEAP BOOKS.

J. G. and C. H. AUNER, 229 N. Third street, four doors above Callowhill street.

J. G. Auner 333 Market and four doors below 9th. have constantly on hand at their book store, a supply of Medical, Miscellaneous, School, Juvenile and blank books, writing and letter paper, Printing paper, hardware paper, Kentish cap, green medium, Wetting paper, hanging paper, wrapping paper large and small size, tenner boards, writing sand, sand boxes, wafers, inkstands, lead and slate pencils, ink powder, sand paper, quills, crayons, camels hair brushes, penknives, rice paper, conversation cards &c. &c. with a great variety of stationary for sale cheap.

Also the new publications, Gaston de Blondeville, the Highlands, Tales of the Wild and Wonderful, Moderation, George Barnwell, &c. &c.

N. B. Bookbinding neatly executed. Sept. 2—1f

NOTICE.

THE copartnership of Kurz and Shankland, (Tailors), was this day dissolved by mutual consent; all persons indebted, and all who may have claims on the firm, are requested to call on J. B. Shankland, who continues to carry on the business in all its various branches, in the most fashionable manner, at No. 80 Lombard street, between 2d and 3d. JOHN B. SHANKLAND.
Sept. 2—3t* JOHN J. KURZ.

SHOE BRISTLES.

FIVE hundred pounds of first quality of Ohaika, No. 1 Shoemakers Bristles, for sale by BUSCH and TURNER.
Sept. 2—tf No. 221 Market street.

No. IX. for September.

CONTAINING a view of Fort M'Henry and the Chesapeake bay near Baltimore, is this day published, at No. 119 Chesnut street opposite to the Post-office, and at the office back of No. 23 Market street. It comprises forty large octavo pages. The subjects on which it treats are numerous and diversified. Subscription price $3 per annum—single copies 25 cents.

WANTED

AS an apprentice in a retail Drug store, a boy of respectable connections, between the age of fifteen and sixteen, apply at this office. sept. 2—1t*

In Chancery of New Jersey.

JAMES RAY, Complainant,
and
ABIGAIL ERWIN, & al. defendants.

IT appearing to this Court that the complainant has filed his bill in the above cause, and that process of subpoena to appear and answer, directed to the defendants, hath been regularly issued, returnable to the Term of July last, but that the defendants, Abigail Erwin, Benjamin R. Erwin, Harriet Erwin, and John Lay and Eliza, his wife, could not be found in this state, to be served, therewith, and have not, nor hath either of them, entered their appearance to be entered, as in case such process has been duly served; and it being made to appear by affidavit, to the satisfaction of the Chancellor, that the said Abigail Erwin, Benjamin R. Erwin Harriet Erwin, and John Lay, and Eliza, his wife cannot be found in this state, and that they reside in the state of Pennsylvania: it is thereupon, on this fourteenth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty six, on motion in behalf of John R. Jeffers, Solicitor of the complainant, by it is order directed by the Chancellor, that the said absent defendants, Abigail Erwin, Benjamin R. Erwin, Harriet Erwin, and John Lay, and Eliza his wife, appear and plead, answer or demur to the complainants bill, on or before the second Tuesday of October next, or that, in default thereof, such decree be made against them as the Chancellor shall think equitable and just. And it is further ordered, that this order shall, within twenty days hereafter, be served personally on the said Abigail Erwin, Benjamin R. Erwin, Harriet Erwin, and John Lay, and Eliza, his wife, by a delivery of a copy thereof to each of them, or be published, within the said twenty days, in the True American, a newspaper printed at Trenton, in this state, and continued therein for six weeks, successively, at least once in every week, and also in a newspaper printed and published at Philadelphia, in the state of Pennsylvania, and be continued therein for four weeks successively, at least once in every week.

ISAAC H. WILLIAMSON, C.

A True Copy.—JOHN WILSON, Clerk.
Sept. 2—4t

REMEDY for the PILES.

THE Medicine now offered to the public, is one which has been fully subjected to the infallible test of experience; and in every instance where it has been fairly tried, it has been attended with complete success. In some of the cases, the patients had been labouring under the disease for years, and during that period had received the best medical advice, and had even undergone a painful surgical operation, without permanent advantage. It is not (like those usually advertised) offered as a certain cure for a long catalogue of diseases, but those afflicted with this complaint for which alone it is recommended, may rely with confidence upon obtaining relief, even in its worst forms, in a short time; and they themselves are the best judges of the importance of such a remedy.—Price 50 cents per box, with directions signed by the proprietor. Prepared and sold at HENRY CORNISH'S Drug and Chemical Store, No. 273 North Third, above Callowhill street. Likewise of Thatcher and Thompson, North West corner of Second and Market Sts.

Sept. 2—3t*

COMMUNICATION.

"The Youth's Easy Guide to a Knowledge of ARITHMETIC."

Just published, and for sale by the author, John Simmons, Bookseller, S. W. corner of Third and Tammany streets, Philadelphia.

THIS is the second time our author presents himself before the public. At the first time, he has exhibited that amiable trait in the character of a good man, actuated by the wise King of Israel, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," by furnishing a neat and convenient system of rules and prescriptions for the treatment and care of those disorders to which our useful animals are subject. Of the comparative merit of this work, however, we pretend not to judge; as Farriery is a science to which we make no pretensions. But, with regard to the book, the title of which stands at the head of these remarks, we think a quarter of a century's practice in teaching of the science of which

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

GOOD NIGHT.

The clock strikes ten!—its warning sound
Reproves my long delay;
Yet who, from scenes where bliss is found,
Would wish to haste away?
And who would stop to count the hours
Where every path is strew'd with flowers,
And beauteous prospects charm the sight?
Forgive my fault! Good Night! Good Night!

And oh, if other words than these
A warmer wish convey,
My heart the welcome phrase would seize
Its feelings to portray.
Whatever comfort nature knows,
Whatever blessing heaven bestows,
May these thy peaceful heart invite
To constant joy. Good Night! Good Night!

Sweet and refreshing be thy sleep,
And all thy visions blest!
Angels their watchful guard shall keep,
Nor evil dare molest.
And in the silent midnight hour,
When fancy, with her magic power,
Paints distant forms in colours bright,
Remember me. Good Night! Good Night.

WASHINGTON.

Fame spread her wings, and with her trumpet blow—
"Great Washington is come!—What praise is due!
What Title shall he have?"—She paused, and said,
"Not one. His name alone strikes ev'ry Title dead."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs. Editors—Seeing in your paper of the 26th ult. that one of your fair correspondents would marry, provided she could meet with a person to suit, I therefore presume to offer myself as a candidate. Of my personal attractions and accomplishments I need say nothing, because she should be a better judge of them than myself. It may suffice to state that I am about her own age, neither very handsome, nor very homely, and may venture to boast of being quite in easy circumstances. As I owe no one a cent, not even for my NEWSPAPER, and have my time at my own disposal, with the exception of six hours in the day, I think I'm pretty independent. Moreover, my ideas in regard to the age, at which it is proper for single persons to marry, so entirely accord with hers, that there would be no difficulty on that head.

If, therefore, Messrs. Editors, you think proper, be pleased to inform the fair T. H. that I cannot think of a measure more likely to forward her wishes than her making known her address through you, to

W. G.

THE SCOLD'S VOCABULARY.

The copiousness of the English language perhaps was never more apparent than in the following character, by a lady, of her own husband:—

"He is," says she "an abhorred, barbarous, capricious, detestable, envious, fastidious, hard hearted, illiberal, ill-natured, jealous, keen, loathsome, malevolent, nauseous, obstinate, passionate, quarrelsome, raging, saucy, tantalizing, uncomfortable, vexatious, abominable, bitter, captious, disagreeable, execrable, fierce, grating, gross, hasty, malicious, nefarious, obstreperous, peevish, restless, savage, tart, unpleasant, violent, waspish, worrying, acrimonious, blustering, discontented, fretful, growling, hateful, inattentive, malignant, noisy, odious, perverse, rigid, severe, teasing, unsuitable, angry, boisterous, choleric, disgusting, gruff, hectoring, incorrigible, mischievous, negligent, offensive, pettish, roaring, sharp, sluggish, snapping, snarling, sneaking, sour, testy, tiresome, tormenting, touchy, arrogant, austere, awkward, boorish, brawling, brutal, bullying, churlish, clamorous, crabbed, cross, currish, dismal, dull, dry, drowsy, grumbling, horrid, huffish, injurious, insolent, intractable, irascible, fretful, moose, murmuring, opinionated, oppressive, outrageous, overbearing, petulent, pinguy, rough, rude, rugged, spiteful, splenetic, stern, stubborn, stupid, sulky, sullen, surly, suspicious, treacherous, troublesome, turbulent, tyrannical, virulent, wrangling, yelping dog in a manger.

NIGHT VISIT.

M. Galland, in his Arabian Tales, frequently repeats the words, "My dear sister, if you do not sleep, tell us one of your tales." Some young men who had been disgusted at the repetition, determined one winter night, to go and awaken the poor Galland, hallooing loudly under his window, M. Galland! He opened the window, and enquired what they wanted. "M. Galland," said one of them, "are you the translator of these beautiful Arabian Tales?" "I am the very person."—"Ah, well, M. Galland, if you don't sleep, tell us one of your tales."

The Unfortunate.—There are sorrows, during which, it seems as if Time, that never paused before, delighted to stand still. It is thus with those who are suddenly bereaved of happiness, without entirely losing the hope of regaining it. They wait impatiently for the decision of destiny—they watch the stream of events—but it passes peacefully by them—and time and chance, that come to all, seem never to come to the unfortunate.

ROSES FROM EARLY RISING.

Belles that rise and walk apace,
Steal roses from Aurora's face;
But when they yawn in bed till ten,
Aurora steals them back again.

High pretensions.—A grotesque little personage lately paid his addresses to the daughter of a wealthy hair dresser at the West End. The parent favored the views of the suitor, who declared himself to be a *paper hanger* in a large way. The nuptials were solemnized, when the newly made husband turned out to be a *bill sticker*.

An Irish officer, a thousand miles at sea in the Atlantic, observing three fine vessels right a-head of his own, called out to some friends who were pacing the quarter deck, "by St. Patrick, boys what a landscape!"

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs. Atkinson & Alexander—The word "*Pen-i-tent*" conveys the sense of the Enigma by "Tyro," inserted in your last interesting miscellany. A friend would also state that the word "*Genius*" has been found to be meant by "Deniln" in his Enigma. These two I have heard much praised as containing a large portion of real merit. I hope your correspondents will not be remiss in furnishing you again. G.

The Enigmas by the "Holmesburg Scribe" are 1. Or-i-gin. 2. Bal-ti-more.

ENIGMA.

Unto the first letter of the merry word fun,
Add a part of pie frequently standing for one;
Let a letter then follow (in regular train,)
The first of a vice, Alexander's disdain;
Conclude with the three or fourth letter of glee,
And after your guessing perhaps you may see
The name of an instrument, used by boys,
To lessen mens' sorrow or heighten their joys.

Albany and New York steam-boat.

A NEW COMIC SONG.

SUNG IN ALBANY WITH GREAT APPLAUSE.

Come who's for the steam-boat! we're just upon starting
For New York, my boys—we're off in a crack;
So finish your glasses—shake hands at your parting—
Then pray jump aboard—there's no time for a smack.
So with hearts light and merry, they start—the boat ready,
Both high and low, belle and beau, all off they go,
While the vessel she sends in so stately and steady,
The sailor's minie with a hearty yo hoe;

[SPOKEN.] *Old woman*—Dear me how very pleasant it is to go down the river in a Steamboat; no fear of spoilin' one's bonnet with the long poles passin'. *Dandy.*—I say, Captain, how long does it generally take your boat to go from Albany to New York, eh? *Captain.*—Just fifteen hours, twenty three minutes, and three fourths of a second, damme. *Lady.*—I hopes there's no fear, Captain. *Capt.*—Plenty of fear, Ma'am, but not the least danger. *Child.*—I say, papa, is the water always salt when it is in the sea? *Father.*—To be sure, my dear. What a pretty innocent question. *Capt.*—There! there! hurry; it's overboard. *Lady.*—O, dear bless me, I hope it an't my silly husband—he's halways a wentering. *Capt.*—O no, ma'am; it's only the boat going to land a passenger. Tom, hand that lady into the boat, *Lady.*—O dear I'm as giddy as a goose. *Capt.*—Then I'd have you take care, ma'am, you don't make a *duck* of it. *Squire Lollypot*—Hallo, there, catch that *snail*. *Jo. Strickland.*—Where? where? Darn me if I wuldent give a hundred dollars to see a whale; I never see wun in my life. *Sq. Loll.*—I begs your pardon, sir; you didn't hunderstand my meaning; hit's my vife's wail, vat she wears hover her vig. *Old woman.*—Oh, dear me, look if the wheels aint stopt. Can't they make more steam? *Old man*—Hold your tongue you foolish old woman; you always want to be in *hot water*.

Thus with laughter and racket they're off in a steamboat:
For New York, dear New York, all hasten away

It happened the wind and tide, both pretty high they were;
The gen'lemen were seized both with fright and dismay;
The ladies, poor souls, did sim! now quite sick appear—
Oh dear Mr. Captain, go back again pray;
O I shall be ill, I fear I feel uncommon queer;
O, what a qualm I—my dear, hold up my head;
I'll take care to travel on more on this river here,
Oh, that I was once more safe in my bed.

[SPOKEN] *Lady.*— O my dear husband, I'm so bad. If I was only once safe in Albany again, I'd never go to New York, only on dry land. *Husband.*—Well my dear you would go, and now you've got enough of it. *Passenger.*—Hallo! there comes another boat up the river. Eh! bless me, what's the meaning of both the boats ringing their bells as they pass each other? Suppose as its the Richmond, that it is a mark of respect to the *Commodore* who had the honour of sailing the first steam-boat on the North River. *Drunken Buck.*—W-w-hat place is this we-e've come to now? (*hiccoughing and rubbing his eyes.*) *Sailor.*—Poughkeepsie, sir. *Buck.*—Well how-ow long then, will it be before we get to Cats-Cats Cats-kill? *Sailor.*—We passed that some hours ago. *Buck.*—Oh, blast the luck, I ought to have l-lan-landed there, but really I did'nt think we had come to it yet.—This boat's an amazing swift one: but you keep pretty good brandy aboard here, and I may as w-w-well g-g-go on. (*singing.*) "Merrily, merrily fill your glasses" *Passenger.*—Lord what a sturgeon!—how high he jumped! 'Tisn't often, Mr. Snooks, you see such *beef* as that even in Albany. *Grazier.*—No; but we frequently see better. It is but a few weeks since an ox was slaughtered there that weighed more than twenty five hundred. What d'ye think o' that, Master? *Old maid.*—Oh, dear! Oh dear! I've broke—— *Capt.*—Broke! in Heaven's name, ma'am, what have you broke? *Old maid.*—Only the cordial bottle I had in my side pocket. *Capt.*—An, you should have kept that side uppermost; you knew there was glass there. *Dandy.*—Captain, I say; will you have the kindness, Captain, to set me ashore at Greenwich? The heat is so excessively oppressive, that a walk of two miles from Cortlandt-street would completely exhaust me—'twould pan honor. *Capt.*—We'll do any thing to accomodate you sir. Get out the boat, there. All ready, sir. Hold on; you've left your puppy on board. *Dandy.*—Throw him into the water carefully; the faithful animal will swim to me; split me, if he won't. *Capt.*—But you've not paid for that puppy's passage, sir. *Dandy.*—What, pay for the passage of a puppy? Why you confounded quiz, I never heard of such a thing. *Capt.*—O, it's quite common, sir; our profits would be trifling, if we took all *puppies* passage free.

Thus with laughter and racket, on board the steam-boat,
For New York, dear New York all hurry away.

ALLITERATION.

Frederick Fawner, famed for firmest friendship, finding female flattery fruitless, fled far from fair frequented flourishing flowery fields, fixed in far frowning forests, and formed the following fine flourishing final farewell, for false, fallacious, Fanny Fastidious.

Flattering friend, farewell for ever,
Hope hath hung her harps on high:
Every effort or endeavour
Starts some serious sobbing sigh,

When with warmest wishes wooing,
Linger'd long loves languid look,
Silence still sublimely shewing,
Firmest faith for forms forsook.

Pleasing prospects prove protecting
Innocency is innate;
Deserts dear delights directing,
Far from former frowning fate.

Pleasure's pleasing path pursuing,
That through tearless time I tread
Vagrant virtue vainly viewing,
She still pseudo shining shed.

False fallacious friend, farewell;
Shall sorrow's sighs still silent sleep,
To truant time thy troubles tell,
Why with wearied wanderings deep.

GREAT INDIAN WALK.

Some interesting reminiscence of the early history of Pennsylvania has lately been published in the interior of this state. It is related that Thomas Penn, who came over in 1732, contracted with Teedyuscung and some others, whom the Indians said had a right to sell for a certain sum, the Indian title to all the land to be taken off by a parallel of latitude from any point, as far as the best of three men could walk in a day, between sunrise and sunset, from a certain chesnut tree at or near Bristol, in a north west direction. Great care was used to select the most capable for such a walk. The choice fell on James Yeates, a native of Bucks, a tall slim man, of much agility and speed of foot. Second Solomon Jennings, a yankee, a remarkable stout and strong man. Third, Edward Marshall, a native of Bucks, a noted hunter, chain carrier, &c, a large heavy set and strong boned man. The day was appointed and the champions notified. The people collected at what they thought the first 20 miles on Durham road to see them pass. First came Yates, stepping as light as a feather, accompanied by T. Penn and attendants on horse back. After him, but out of sight came Jennings, with a strong, steady step, and not far behind Edward Marshall, apparently careless, swinging a hatchet in his hand, and eating a biscuit—bets ran in favor of Yates.

Marshall took biscuits to support his stomach and carried a hatchet to swing in his hands alternately, that the action of his arms should balance that in his legs—as he was fully determined to beat the others or die in the attempt. He said he first saw Yates in descending Durham creek, and gained on him. There he saw Yates setting on a log very tired—presently he fell off, and gave up the walk. Marshall kept on and before he reached the Lehigh, overtook and passed Jennings—waded the river at Bethleham hurried on faster and faster by where Nazareth stands, to the Wind Gap. That was as far as the path had been marked for them to walk on and there was waiting the collection of people to see if any of the three would reach it by sunset. He only halted for the Surveyor to give him a pocket compass, and started again. Three Indian runners were sent after him to see if he walked it fair, and how far he went. He then passed to right of Pocono mountain, the Indians finding it difficult to keep him in sight, till he reached Stiff Water—and he would have gone a few miles further but for the water. There he marked a tree, witnessed by three Indians.—The distance he walked between sun and sun, not being on a straight line, and about 30 miles of it through the woods, was estimated to be from 119 to 120 miles. He thus won the great prize—which was five pounds in money, and five hundred acres of land any where in the purchase.

It is added that James Yates, who led the way for the first thirty miles or more, was quite blind when taken out of Durham Creek, and lived but three days afterwards. Solomon Jennings did not hold out but a few years. Edward Marshall lived and died on Marshall's Island, opposite Tinicum township, in the Delaware, aged about ninety years. He was a great hunter, and fortunately made a more productive walk than he did for Thomas Penn; for he found a rich silver mine, that rendered him and his family connections affluent, yet he carried the secret, where it was, out of the world with him.

A LONE MOUNTAIN.

A letter from a gentleman to the Editor of the Georgia Statesman, says, "About two hours ride from this, there is a lone, solitary Rock, that lifts its awful brow more than a thousand feet above all the surrounding objects of the wilderness. It looks like the strong tower of some antediluvian monarch, who had long since gone down into its hidden chambers, to repose his wrath in the unexcitable stillness of a thousand slumbers. Its exterior is bare and bleak. It is about seven miles in circumference—it is about twice its breadth in length—is by actual measurement, 2226 feet above the surface of the creek which flows at its base, and is in lat. 33° 30 N. in the county of DeKalb, in Georgia."

NATIONAL PARADOXES.

At a *conversazione* party in —— street, where several gentlemen from Ireland and Scotland were present, and the discourse was turning on national peculiarities, Mr. —— observed, that the three nations might be thus characterized: The Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; the Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; and the Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting.

Sir John Sinclair strongly recommends the use of oil as a manure, having seen excellent effects resulting from it on the Continent, and in some recent experiments in Great Britain. It is applied in the proportion of two gallons of coarse whale oil to twenty bushels of ashes.

LIST OF AGENTS

OF THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The gentlemen whose names are attached hereto, have kindly volunteered to transact the business of this establishment at the respective places where they reside.—We request that all dues for the paper be paid over to them, and persons wishing to subscribe to it, will find a ready means of conveying their wishes to the publishers, through them.

L. A. Godey, 142 Broadway / George M Bourne, 291 do.	New York.
William Vredenburg,	Ithaca, N. Y.
Prirson A. Reading,	Rochester, N. Y.
William S. Holcomb,	Utica, N. Y.
W. W Billings,	Washington City, D. C.
Henry Passen,	Trenton, N. J.
Job Smith,	Mount Holly, N. J.
John West,	Moorestown, N. J.
Jacob Roberts,	Haddonfield, N. J.
John G Mason,	Salem, N. J.
T. C. Budd,	Port Elizabeth, N. J.
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James Holmes,	Murfreesborough, Tenn.
S. H. Bullen,	Louisville, Ky.
Johnson Armstrong,	Maysville, Ky.
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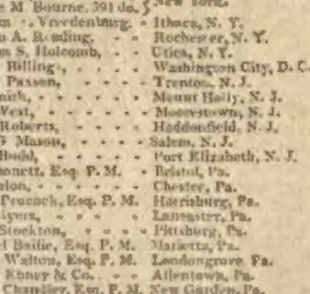
Greenlaw, Moss & Co.	Natchez, Miss.
Charles M'Micken,	St. Francisville, La.
B. Lundy, Editor Genius of Universal Emancipation,	Baltimore, Md.
Charles Rodgers, Esq. P. M.	Fig Point, Md.
P. Granger,	Centerville, Md.
J. K. Golderbere, Esq. P. M.	Canterbury, Del.
Thomas Spackman,	Wilmington, Del.
Samuel Daugherty,	New Castle, Del.
D. C. Lockwood,	Smyrna, Del.
John Clement,	Summit Bridge, Del.
William Wilson, Esq.	Lexington, Va.
Wm. S. Chamblin, Esq.	Parham's Store, Va.
Dr. A. R. Phelps,	Hatcherville, Va.
William G. Smith,	Eastville, Va.
William M'Connell,	Fincastle, Va.
P. Saunders, Esq. P. M.	Leesburg, Va.
Alban Gilpin,	Manchester, Va.
J. P. Thornton, Esq. P. M.	Camden, S. C.

☞——WORTHY OF NOTICE.——☜

Many bills in the country for subscriptions to this paper remain unsettled. Our friends in arrears would be rendering us an important service, by remitting their several dues, immediately, without further notice, *per mail.*



JOB PRINTING,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Neatly and Expeditiously executed,
ON MODERATE TERMS.

☞ At the Office of the Saturday Evening Post, back of No. 33 Market street, and back of No. 113 Chesnut street, directly opposite the Post Office.

DRUG STORE FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, the Drug and Apothecary Store, situated at the S. W. corner of Fourth and Race streets, with Mineral Water fixtures in complete order.

It affords at a moderate expense, an excellent opportunity to any one who wishes to embark in this line of business. The advertiser going into another pursuit.

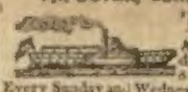
The stand has secured the confidence of several Physicians of standing, as also the surrounding neighbourhood.

Particular care and attention has been uniformly bestowed, in selecting the various articles comprising the stock. The business might be greatly increased by keeping Paints, Oil, Glass, Dye stuffs, Varnish, &c. as it is an excellent situation for the above; and from there being a large consumption in this part of the city, a considerable quantity might be retailed, and as the store is in the immediate vicinity of a number of taverns, frequented by persons from the country, it affords a good opportunity of selling the various articles in the above line in large quantities.

Persons desirous of purchasing, will apply as above, on the premises. aug. 19—tf*

COMMERCIAL LINE FOR NORFOLK,

VIA DOVER, SEAFORD AND VIENNA.



THE Steam Boat Norfolk, Capt. T. Robinson, leaves Arch Street Wharf every Sunday and Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock, for Dover, (Delaware) Every Sunday and Wednesday evening, for Dover, (Del.) from which place Southern travellers proceed in post coaches along a fine road to Seaford, on the Nanticoke river, and thence by steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt. Crocker, to Norfolk, where they arrive on Tuesday and Friday mornings about 9 o'clock, in time for the passengers to proceed southward by the public conveyances, without detention at Norfolk.

The Boats of this line are new, substantial and elegant, with commodious births, and superior accommodations. The route is direct and pleasant, and all the arrangements of the line are such as will ensure comfort and expedition to the traveller. *Fare through, $12.*

J. R. CARPENTER, *Agent.*
Office first Wharf below Arch street.
N. B.—All baggage at the risk of its owners.
August 25—tf

REMOVED

To the new and elegant Steam-Boat
WHARF AT ARCH STREET.

THROUGH IN ELEVEN HOURS

To New York,

Via Bordentown & Washington, 24 miles land carriage.

STOPPING AT
BURLINGTON AND BRISTOL,
GOING AND RETURNING.

The Steam-Boat **PENNSYLVANIA,**
CAPTAIN Z. W. KELLUM,

Will leave the above Wharf every morning (Sundays excepted), at SIX o'clock, A.M. for Bordentown.—Passengers will then take the Citizen's Line of Coaches, 24 miles to Washington, N. J. there take the Steam Boat AETNA, Captain S. C. Sutton, and arrive in New-York by five o'clock the same day.—Fare through $3.—For seats, apply at

No. 8 ARCH street, corner of Front,

Or of the Captain, on board the Boat, at Arch street Wharf.—All baggage at the risque of the owners.

LYON, WARD & Co.
Philadelphia, July 24, 1826. *Proprietors.*

NEW YORK HOTEL,

No. 162 GREENWICH STREET,
A few doors north of Courtland Street.

J. WATERMAN having taken the above large and commodious establishment, solicits the patronage of his friends and the public. Gentlemen who may give his house the preference, are assured that every exertion will be used to render their stay comfortable and agreeable.
aug. 27—tf

STEAM BOAT HOTEL,

BORDENTOWN, (N. J.)

WILLIAM ARNELL, returns thanks to his friends and the public for their favours during the last summer; he is now prepared to accommodate several families more than his usual number, who may be desirous of passing the warm weather in the country. His Hotel is situated in the healthy and beautiful village of Bordentown, on the Delaware river. Terms moderate.
June 3—tf

WILFRED HALL,

CHURCH AND CHAMBER

ORGAN BUILDER,

No. 112 MARKET STREET,
West of the Centre Square, Philadelphia,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he continues to manufacture Organs of every description, which he can warrant equal in point of workmanship, tone, and durability to any in the country. His small parlour chamber Organs of 2, 3 and 4 stops, are well worth the attention of admirers of music, their tones are soft and rich, in addition to which they are beautiful ornaments to rooms.

P. S. Organs repaired, tuned, &c. in any part of the Union. july 29—3yr

COLLECTOR AT NEW-YORK.

GEO. M. BOURNE,

Agent for the Saturday Evening Post,

AND many other Newspapers, respectfully solicits the collecting of bills for gentlemen in Philadelphia, or persons residing in New-York and vicinity.—Charges 10 per cent. Address Geo. M. Bourne, New-York.

*** Letters to be post paid. june 3—tf

W. TAIT,

LADIES' Work Box, Dressing Case, and Pocket Book Maker, No. 225 Arch street, between Sixth and Seventh streets, Philadelphia. Gentlemen's Desks, Travelling Cases, Portfolios, Jewel Cases, Ink Stands, Thread Cases, Card Cases, Reticules. Also, Fire Screens, Card Racks, and Mantle Ornaments generally.
april 25—tf

PHILIP PRICE, Jr.

INFORMS his friends and the public, he has established a Copper Plate Printing Office at No. 71 Market street a few doors above Second street, and having employed several good workmen, will be enabled to execute work in the best manner with despatch, on the lowest terms.

J. B. WOOD,

No. 42 SPRUCE STREET,
Near the Drawbridge,
Philadelphia.

Manufactures and keeps for sale, Farm and Farming Utensils of all descriptions, Cutting Boxes May be had as above, and all orders supplied at a short notice. feb 18—tf

WANTED,

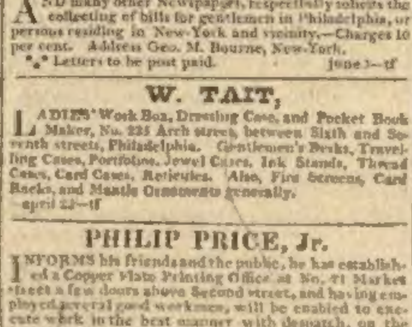
THREE or four Journeymen Brushmakers. None need apply but first rate workmen, of steady habits, who will find constant employ and good wages. Enquire of the Printer. aug 12—tf*

FOUND,

A SMALL sum of money in a purse, any person proving property and paying expense may have it again by applying to GEORGE GREEN,
aug. 19—3t* No. 19 Letitia Court.

LOST

ON the 12th instant in going from M. and Beaver streets to Penn and Poplar lane, or from thence to 13th street, below Walnut Street, a Book containing accounts between John Willey and Joseph Ripka—the person finding it shall be rewarded on having it as soon as possible at J. Ripka's, 3rd Street above Poplar lane, or with John Willey 13th Street below Walnut Street.
Aug. 19—3t



CITY CLOTHING STORE.

No 204 Market street, Philadelphia, South side, two doors above the Red Lion Hotel.

HAS received by late arrivals, an elegant assortment of super Blue, Black, and a variety of fancy coloured Cloths and Cassimeres, of Sheppard's Hunt's and other Manufactures. Valencia, Toulouett, Marseilles, Black Silk, Cut Velvet, and other Vestings; all of which will be made in the most fashionable style, and from ten to fifteen per cent lower than can be purchased in the United States. Likewise, on hand, a general assortment of Linens, Muslins, and Flannel Shirts and Drawers, fancy and plain Cravats, Stocks, Suspenders, &c.
april 29—tf G. W. FARR.

ROWLEY & ALBURGER,

PLUMBERS,

REMOVED to the corner of Carpenter and Decatur streets, directly in the rear of the Arcade, Manufacture Lead Pipes of all sizes, warranted superior to any imported. On hand, SMALL IRON PIPES, which will be fixed on reasonable terms. HYDRANTS of all kinds made, fixed and repaired. july 15—om

WANTED,

THREE or Four competent persons to collect subscriptions to a valuable periodical work. Enquire of the Printer. aug 12

FRANKLIN GRIDIRON.

THIS superior article, valuable alike to the epicure and economist which has superceded every other gridiron were it has been introduced, and needs only a trial to recommend itself, may be had wholesale and retail at the Store of the subscriber, agent for the manufacturer,

SAMUEL MASSEY, No. 26 South 3d St.
Aug. 8—tf between Market and Chesnut Sts.

Peregrine Wilmer against The Heirs and Devisees of Gustavus W. T. Wright. } MAY TERM, 1826. In Chancery. Queen Ann's County Court.

THE object of the Bill filed in this cause is to obtain a sale of the real estate of which Gustavus W. T. Wright, died, seized for the payment of his debts. It is stated that Robert C. Wright, one of the infant defendants, resides in Rio Janeiro, in South America, and that Alphonso E. Wright and Louisa E. Wright, two other of the infant defendants, reside in the State of Connecticut. It is therefore ordered, by the Court here, that the said infant defendants appear in this Court, on the third Monday of October next, to shew cause by themselves, or their guardians, or by such guardian or guardians as the Court will then appoint, why this real estate shall not be sold for the payment of the debts of the said Gustavus W. T. Wright. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this notice be published in some one of the Newspapers published in the city of Philadelphia, for three successive weeks.

RD. T. EARLE,
LEM. PURNELL,
True Copy—Test THOMAS MURPHEY,
Aug. 26—3t Clerk of Queen Ann's County Court.

WINDOW GLASS,

DRUGS, PAINTS & DYE STUFFS.

PETER LEHMAN, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, No. 320 Market street, Philadelphia, has constantly for sale a large and general assortment of the following articles:

Red, pale and yellow Bark	White and Red Lead
Sulphate of Quinine	Spanish Brown
Camphor refined	Venetian Red
White Wax	Yellow ochre
Gum arabic	Crows and Putty
Do. Tragacanth	Verdigris
Do. Guaicum	Copperas and Alum
Tapioca and Sago	Blue Galls
Epsom and Glauber Salts	Manganese
Colcothar	Blue Vitriol
Red Precipitate	Aqua Fortis
Castor Oil	Muriatic Acid
Cream Tartar	Sulphuric do.
Balsam Capaiva	Logwood and Fustic
Shellac	Ground Camwood
Wax Tapers	Do. Turmerick
Chromic Yellow	Window glass, of all sizes
Do. green	Paint brushes and Putties
Ivory Black	Boiled & raw linseed oil
Lamp do.	Spirit Turpentine
Barmuda and Jamaica Arrow Root.	Flour and Roll Sulphur

The above, with a complete assortment suitable for country storekeepers, will be sold at the most reduced prices, and on liberal terms. aug 26—tf

LANGUAGES,

Taught at the Franklin Academy, back of No. 77 Arch street, by FRANCIS VARIN.

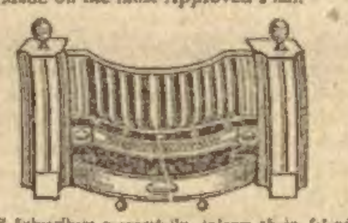
THANKFUL for the patronage he has received for 3 years past, he informs his friends and the public that he continues to teach the Latin, French, Spanish and Italian Languages, to ladies and gentlemen, in public and private lessons.

He teaches also German at the University, and French at the Academy of the Rev. Dr. Wylie and Professor Eagles.

TERMS—For a year $12, by the quarter $6.

N. B.—The lessons at his School Room in the Franklin Academy, are from 3 o'clock, P. M. until 10.
aug 12—3m

Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal Grates,
Made on the most Approved Plan.



THE Subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they continue the manufacture of Grates and Fenders, at their Factory, No. 10 Cherry near Fifth street, where may be had Grates and Fenders of various descriptions. Also, Brass mounted and common Sheet Iron Ash Pans, Coal Hods, Fokers, &c. The above articles are warranted to be well manufactured, and may be had on the most reasonable terms, for cash.

JAS. M. JACKSON & BROTHER.
2 mo. 10th, 1826. aug 12—tf*

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Subscriber having removed to No. 167 North Second street, informs the public that he still continues to mark Handkerchiefs, Canvas, &c. with durable Ink, and also to state and post accounts, copy Students' notes, or execute any Miscellaneous jobs of Writing, &c. &c. upon his usual moderate terms. J. M. S.

N. B. The Fixtures of a Boys' School Room to which a few Scholars are attached, for sale, apply as above.
aug 12—4t*

THE DUTIES

OF MISS CLULEY'S Seminary will be resumed on Monday, August 21st, at No. 5 South Fourth street.
aug 19—tf

DR. HULL'S TRUSS,

For the relief and cure of HERNIA or RUPTURE.

DOCTOR A. G. HULL,

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he has opened an OFFICE in this city at No. 23 N. Eighth Street, where attention will be given to professional business and to the application and adaptation of the above remedial apparatus. This instrument has received the entire approbation of the most eminent surgeons in the United States and England, and experience has abundantly confirmed its great and superior utility. It is worn without pain or inconvenience, *universally* gives relief from the unpleasant symptoms of the complaint, and in connexion with the auxiliary means which the inventor proposes has effected radical cures in a great majority of cases. These are qualities not possessed by any Truss hitherto known or used, and are sufficient to give it a decided preference by all those wishing an effectual remedy for the distressing disease of Rupture.

In corroboration of these assertions the following highly respectable names are deemed sufficient.

The subscriber has had frequent opportunities of examining Dr. Hull's Patent Truss, and of seeing the application of it to different kinds of Hernia, and he does not hesitate to say it is the best instrument he is acquainted with. He thinks Dr. Hull's Truss, from the limited mobility and flatted form of the rupture pad, a preferable contrivance, and one which he believes will contribute largely to abridge the sufferings of that part of the community afflicted with Rupture.

Dr. Hull is entitled to the thanks of the public for having directed his attention to the construction of this instrument; possessing professional knowledge united with mechanical ingenuity, would alone entitle his invention to the notice and regard of his surgical brethren.

VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.
Professor of Surgery, University of N. York.

This may certify that I have examined Dr. A. G. Hull's self adjusting patent hinge Truss, and have applied it in several cases of Hernia. From my knowledge of the principle on which it acts, and from its effects, I do not hesitate to give it a decided preference to any thing of the kind I have ever seen.

NATHAN SMITH, M. D.
Professor of Surgery, &c. Yale College.

In compliance with your desire, I hereby inform you that I have for several years *experienced* the great utility of Dr. Hull's Hinge Truss. It is in my opinion well calculated to effect all the valuable purposes to be expected from an instrument of the kind. Its facility of adjustment, firmness of support, ease and convenience in all the attitudes of body, are properties by which it surpasses all others which have fallen under my observation, and I feel it incumbent on me to recommend to all who may be afflicted with Hernia, to have recourse to this invaluable instrument as a safeguard against accidents of a fatal tendency.

JAMES THATCHER, M. D.
Author of the American Dispensatory and Modern Practice.

Dr. Hull—I have been on several occasions highly gratified by the manner in which you represented and explained the disease (rupture), and the mode not merely of making patients comfortable, but sound and well, by your retentive apparatus, from the combination of physiological science and mechanical skill displayed in its construction and use. I am satisfied it ranks among the very valuable aids to lessen human suffering.

SAMUEL L. MITCHILL, M. D.

My experience in the use of Trusses, during many years practice in Glasgow and New York, has made me acquainted with the superior advantages of Dr. Hull's Truss over all others which I have seen or heard of. In two very interesting cases of scrotal hernia that I attended about five years since, it was worn with perfect comfort, and effected a complete cure of both in less than twelve months. This instrument is approved of by the most eminent surgeons in Europe, particularly by the celebrated Dr. Astley Cooper, of London.

T. W. HUNTER, M. D.
Member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow, and of the Medical Society New York.

The above described articles can be had in any quantity at Dr. Hull's Office, and at most of the druggist stores in the United States.

N. B. Persons residing at a distance can be fitted by sending a measure of the body near the hip.
Aug 19—1y

WRITING ACADEMY.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen, that he has commenced giving lessons in Penmanship, Running Hand, Leger Hand, and various kinds of Ornamental Hands, all of which are taught in a bold, free, and elegant style, in a few Lessons. $1 for 14 Lessons, or $2 per month. Book-Keeping taught on the most approved systems, in a very short time.

Orthography, Reading, Arithmetic, Geography, with the use of Maps, will be taught in the male and female apartments. R. MEGONEGAL,

Corner of Race and Sixth streets, Philadelphia.
An Evening School is open. aug 26—3t

MEAD'S PILLS.

THE length of time these pills have been in use, and the uniform satisfaction they have given in all those deranged conditions of the digestive organs, known by the term Dyspepsia, has established for them the reputation of being, without doubt, the best remedy known for the above complaint. They operate mildly, removing all sourness of the stomach, not merely by neutralizing the acid, but by correcting that morbid state of the secretions which give rise to it; and at the same time that they are giving tone to the whole chylopoetic viscera, or organs of digestion, they will renovate and give new life and vigour to the whole system.

Sold, in New York, by Hull & Bowne, 146 Pearl street, who are agents for the patentee, and by O. Hall & Co. 221 Broadway. In Philadelphia, by Thatcher & Thompson, and Stephen North, Market street, and by S. Gibbs, 6th, Chesnut street. In Baltimore, by William Butler, and C. & D. & S. Koener, Market street, and by most of the Druggists throughout the United States.
june 5—tf

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

J. ELLIOTT offers for sale at No. 123 Market street, third door above Third street, North side, a very extensive assortment of Looking Glasses, Combs, Japan Ware and Fancy Articles, comprising in part, Looking Glasses of all sizes and descriptions, Tortoise Shell, Tuck, Long and Side Combs, and a beautiful Article called Spanish Shell Combs, which from the neatness and great resemblance of tortoise shell, claim attention. Southern and Western Merchants are invited to call and examine for themselves, as his prices are such as to insure sales. april 11—1y

Select Didactic Seminary,

FROMBERGER'S COURT.

T. H. BROWN, respectfully informs his patrons and the public, that the duties of his Seminary will be resumed on Monday, the 21st of August next.

For terms, &c. apply at No. 11, Fromberger's Court, running from Second between Market and Arch streets.

N. B. J. H. B. will commence a course of evening instruction on the first of October next, in Arithmetic, Penmanship, Book-keeping, &c. apply as above.
Philad. August 20, 1826. aug 12—tf1*

PENN'S GROVE FACTORY.

FOR SALE

BY BOWEN, FORD & Co.

WILL be sold on the premises on Tuesday, September 12, at two o'clock, P. M. by order of the assignees, the above named factory, situated on Chester creek, Delaware county, Pennsylvania, about six miles from Chester and eighteen from Philadelphia, containing 1000 spindles now in operation, and in good order, with above five acres unexpired time in the lease, (at a low rent), which includes sixteen acres of land, dwelling houses, and two mills, one containing the above machinery having twenty one feet fall of water, and the other which has been occupied as a woolen factory, has seventeen feet fall. It is well worthy the attention of any person who wishes to carry on the business, as it has a supply of water sufficient to drive from four thousand to five thousand spindles, in the very driest weather.

The owners of the mill seat are also willing to sell, if it should be desired by the purchaser of the lease.—For further information apply to Mr. T. Hanley's on the premises, or to the auctioneer.—D. COREY, Assignee.

BOWEN, FORD & CO. Auctioneers.
29 North Front, Philadelphia.
Aug. 19—4t

NEW GROCERY STORE.

THE subscribers beg leave to acquaint their friends and the public that they have commenced the grocery business, trading under the firm of Wilson and Summers, at the corner of Noble and 2nd, Street, next door to the Tavern and yard, sign of the Union kept by Jacob Gilbert, where they intend keeping a constant assortment of all articles in their line which they will